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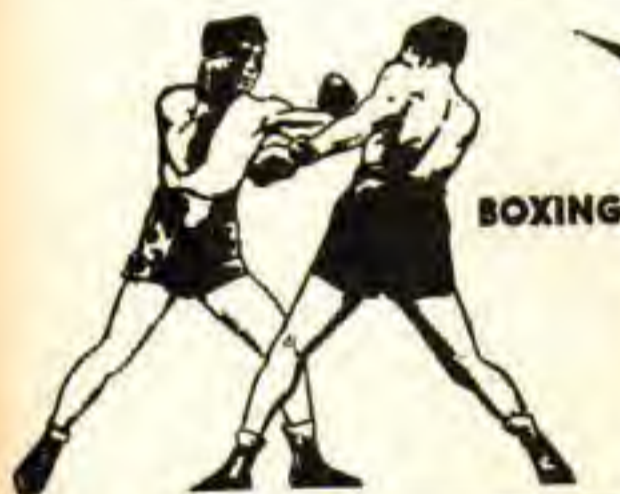
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BLUE BEETLE

PAUSE A MOMENT DEAR READER!
WE HAVE A FANTASTIC PROBLEM FOR YOU.....
"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION" EH? BUT....
FANCY AN EPIDEMIC OF TRUTH! WOULD IT
PRODUCE A UTOPIA OF PEACE, HONOR AND
TRANQUILLITY.... OR A CHAOS OF MADNESS,
MOCKERY AND DEATH.... AH, BUT DON'T FORM
A HASTY OPINION..... READ ON
...S.L.O.W.L.Y.....



I HAVEN'T SEEN FATHER SINCE
YESTERDAY! I'M DREADFULLY
WORRIED AND I THOUGHT OF
YOU!

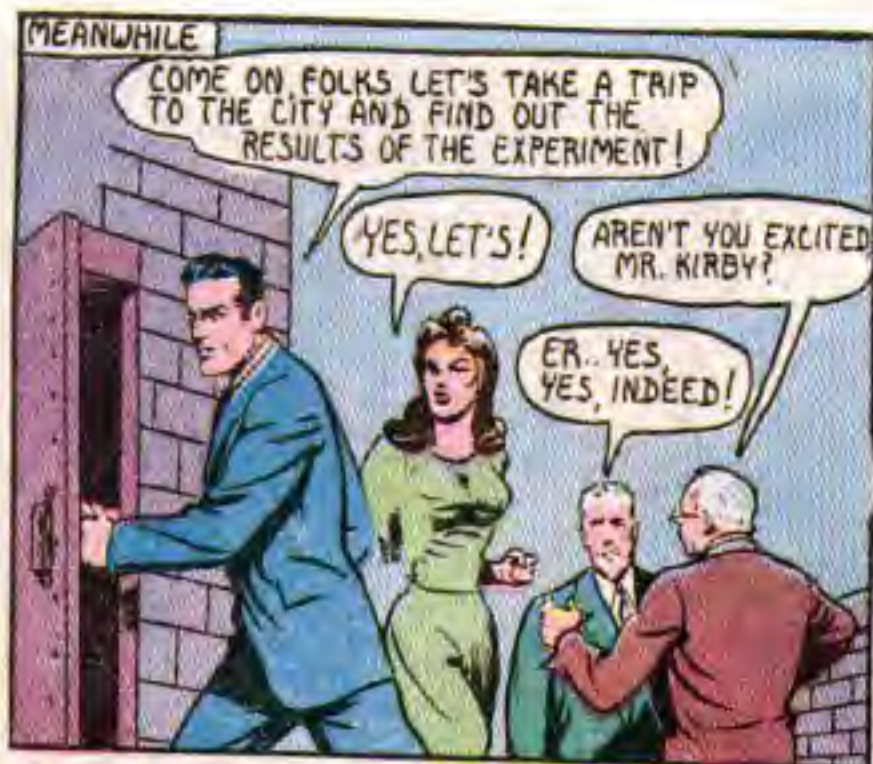
HMMM.. I HAVE AN
IDEA OF WHERE HE
MIGHT BE! LET'S GO!













I'VE GOT
TO GET TO
THE TOP
OF THE
ELEVATOR
SHAFT...
I'VE JUST
GOT TO!



MEANWHILE... INSIDE THE SLOWLY MOVING AUTO-
MATIC ELEVATOR, THE MAD SCIENTIST TAUNTS
SALLY.

PLEASE...
OH, DON'T
PLEASE!

TOO LATE... HEH, HEH, I'M
GOING TO SMASH THIS VIAL
ON THE FLOOR!



BUT...

MAY I BORROW
THIS, PLEASE!

Y... YOU!



HANG ON, SALLY. YOU'RE
SAFE... AT LEAST
FOR A MOMENT!

H... HE'S
INSANE!



I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE ON THIS
OPPOSITE ROOF... I'VE GOT TO
GET MARKS TO STRAIGHTEN THIS
MESS OUT!

PLEASE BE
CAREFUL, BLUE
BEETLE!



BOOM!

OH-OH!
I'M TOO
LATE!









CRIME REPORTER

DEATH
IN THE
SKY!



OUR STORY OPENS AT A MIDWEST-
ERN AIR-FIELD.....

WELL THERE
GOES ROBERTS IN THAT
NEW SHIP...IT LOOKS GOOD,
I THINK THE ARMY
CAN USE IT!



WAS IT AN ACCIDENT OR WAS IT
MURDER?..... THAT'S WHAT THE F.B.I.
HAD TO FIND OUT!
HOW COULD A NEW ARMY PLANE
CATCH AFIRE IN A TEST DIVE?.... AND
WHEN THE PILOT BAILS OUT, HIS
CHUTE DOES NOT OPEN! WAS THIS
AN ACCIDENT OR COLD-BLOODED
MURDER?



ROBERTS
LEVELS OFF
AT TEN
THOUSAND
FEET AND
CIRCLES
TWICE OVER
THE
AIRFIELD..



DOWN,
DOWN,
300,
400,
500,
550,
600
MILES
PER
HOUR!
THE
PLANE
SCREAMS
LIKE A
BULLET!



WOW! WHAT A SHIP!
THIS BABY HAS WHAT
IT TAKES!



SUDDENLY, FLAMES SHOOT FROM THE ENGINE!



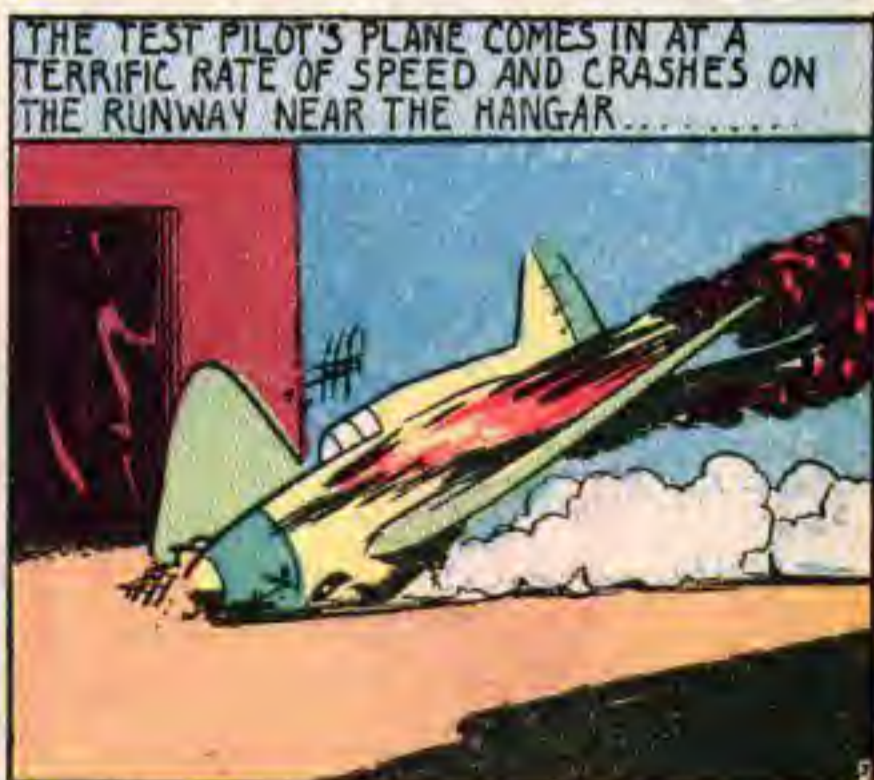
FOLLOWED BY BILLOWS OF SMOKE...THE BURNING
PLANE SPINS CRAZILY AS THE PILOT LEAPS
FROM THE COCK-PIT!



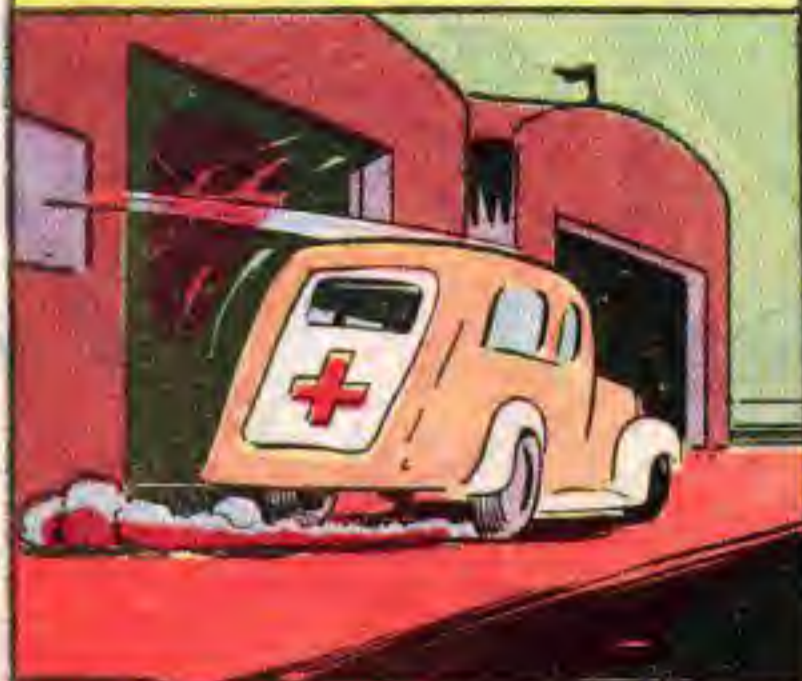
HE BAILED OUT...GOOD
GRIEF, HIS CHUTE
WON'T OPEN!



THE TEST PILOT'S PLANE COMES IN AT A
TERRIFIC RATE OF SPEED AND CRASHES ON
THE RUNWAY NEAR THE HANGAR.....



A FEW SECONDS LATER AN AMBULANCE RACES ACROSS THE AIRFIELD.



IT LOOKS LIKE ROBERTS IS DEAD.

YES! AND THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT!... I'M CALLING IN THE F.B.I.!



THE FOLLOWING DAY F.B.I. AGENT, MORROWS, INVESTIGATES THE TRAGEDY.

DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING, MORROWS?

I THINK I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT CLUE!



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH. IT'S HANS STROGER, A NAZI AGENT. WE TRACED HIM LAST TO THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY. WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE HE'S WORKING SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE!



HMM! IT SEEMS I SAW THIS FELLOW SOME..... WAIT!..... OF COURSE.....



HE'S ONE OF OUR MECHANICS... ONLY HE HAS A MOUSTACHE.



C'MON THEN LET'S
GET HIM BEFORE
MORE PILOTS LOSE
THEIR LIVES!



THERE HE IS HE
WAS LISTENING TO
US HE'S RUNNING
TO THAT PLANE!



TOO LATE! HE GOT AWAY...
LET'S GO AFTER HIM IN ANOTHER
PLANE!



NO---LOOK!
WELL I'LL BE A
HORNED TOAD!



THE PLANE BURSTS INTO FLAMES AND
NOSES EARTHWARD OUT OF CONTROL!



IT'S ON FIRE... AND
I CAN'T J---JUMP!

HE'S FLYING IN HIS OWN DEATH TRAP---HE PROBABLY FIXED THAT PLANE SO IT WOULD CRASH AND FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT WHEN HE TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM US!



THE SABOTEUR TRIES DESPERATELY TO KEEP THE PLANE UNDER CONTROL...BUT IT ZOOMS EARTHWARD WITH TERRIFIC SPEED.



...AND CRASHES IN AN OPEN FIELD!



I GUESS HE'S DONE FOR!

YES, AND HE DIED BY HIS OWN HAND!



THAT PROVES THAT THE AXIS CAN NEVER WIN---ALREADY THE TIDE IS TURNING FOR THEM AND THEY'RE GETTING A TASTE OF THEIR OWN CRUELTY!



AND YOU, TOO, CAN HELP WIN THIS WAR!
JUST KEEP BUYING ALL THE WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS POSSIBLE! EVERY DIME HELPS BRING VICTORY TO ALL THE ALLIED NATIONS!

Little Willie!

"LITTLE WILLIE" IS AN EXCLUSIVE FEATURE OF BLUE BEETLE COMICS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?

by MEL



DID YOU CALL ME, MRS. VAN SNOOT? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YA?

YES!



I WONDER IF YOU WOULD PLEASE KEEP AN EYE ON POLLY, MY PARROT? I'M GOING TO VISIT A FRIEND!

SURE! CAN I BRING IN MY PALS?



O.K. FELLAS! NOW NO FOOLIN' AROUND - SHE'LL BE BACK SOON!

HEY! LISTEN TO DA HIGH-BROW TALK OF DAT PARROT BOID!!

PIP PIP! OLD BOY! I SAY, OLD BEAN--



CHICKIE! HERE SHE COMES!

SHADDAP OR I'LL SLUG YA ONE YA STUPID-LOOKIN' DOPE!!

?



WELL, HOW'S MY LITTLE POLLY? DID HE BEHAVE?

AW, PIPE DOWN, VAN SNOOT, ER I'LL SLAP YA RIGHT IN THE KISSER, YA STUPID-LOOKING! *☆@!136

!?



ROD RIPLEY

WIZARD OF SCIENCE

BY
JERRY
MAXWELL



COMMISSIONED BY A WORLD FAMOUS LABORATORY TO FIND A CURE FOR A MYSTERIOUS DISEASE RAVAGING HUMANITY, ROD HAS AT LAST FOUND A CLUE FOLLOWING IT UP, HE AND HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT, ZARITA, ARRIVE IN THAT ANCIENT LAND OF THE DEAD, EGYPT!



WELL, ZARITA, THIS IS CAIRO..

LOVELY! BUT LET'S HURRY IF WE'RE TO MEET THE ENGLISH SCIENTIST, SIR BALCOLM?



LATER, IN A CAIRO HOTEL..

SIR BALCOLM, WE MUST FIND THE LOST FORMULA OF RAMESES..

HIS TOMB IS THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GHAZI.. BUT IT HAS NEVER BEEN OPENED!



SIR BALCOLM ENGAGES ARAB GUIDES FOR THE TRIP. SUPPLIES ON CAMEL-BACK WAIT JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY, AS DAWN FINDS THE PARTY READY TO START.

AHMED, WHY HAS THE PYRAMID OF GHAZI REMAINED SEALED THESE THOUSANDS OF YEARS?

BECAUSE RAMESES SEND CURSE OF ANCIENT EGYPT UPON DISTURBERS!

HEAR THAT, ZARITA? WE'VE GOT TO BUCK PLENTY OF SUPERSTITION IN THIS LAND!



PSHAW! DON'T TELL ME SUPERSTITION WORRIES YOU, SIR BALCOLM! NOW WE'VE GOT TO POKE AROUND THIS PYRAMID TO FIND AN ENTRANCE SOMEPLACE!

TRADITION SAY GHAZI OPEN AT TOP... WE CLIMB AND SEE!

WHEW! I SURE GET WINDED FAST... HAVEN'T HAD ENOUGH EXERCISE LATELY!

SUDDENLY, AHMED STOPS IN ALARM.

A LOOSE STONE??

A HALF-TON OF DEATH TUMBLES FROM THE PYRAMID'S PINNACLE...

LOOK OUT!

AHMED WAS KILLED?? OOOH! AND MY ARMS HURT! ROD... THIS MYSTERY, WHATEVER IT IS, Baffles ME!

I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE BALCOLM... MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING IN RAMESES' CURSE!

NO MATTER! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE LOST FORMULA! IT'LL SAVE A MILLION LIVES, OUCH!

SORRY... WE'VE GOT TO PREVENT INFECTION THERE!





I HOPE SO, ZARITA... FIRST WE'VE GOT TO GET THE PAPYRUS FORMULA OUT OF RAMESES' BOX. I HATE TO DISTURB THE OLD BOY?



AT THE FIRST CONTACT OF LIVING FLESH, THE MUMMIFIED KING SPRINGS UPRIGHT!

BEGONE! I BRING DOWN UPON YOU ALL THE CURSES OF EGYPT FOR DISTURBING MY SLUMBER!

OOH! OH!



GUY RUSHES TO HIS FRIEND ZARITA, IF I HADN'T SEEN THIS I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE QUICK!



SUDDENLY, A STRANGE GLOWING FIGURE ENTERS...

STRANGERS, WHAT DO YOU HAVE HERE?



ISIS! GODDESS OF EGYPT??

YES, COME WITH ME!



YOU MUST LEAVE THIS TOMB AND NEVER RETURN!! I GIVE YOU RAMESES' SACRED FORMULA ON THAT CONDITION ONLY!!

YES! YES!



WELL, THAT'S THAT!!



WE'VE COME OUT ALIVE WITH THE FORMULA AND WE'VE SEEN THINGS TOO FANTASTIC TO BE TRUE!! NOW...

NOW WHAT, ROD?



I SHALL KEEP MY PROMISE TO ISIS BY SEALING THIS TOMB SO THAT NO ONE CAN EVER DISTURB IT!

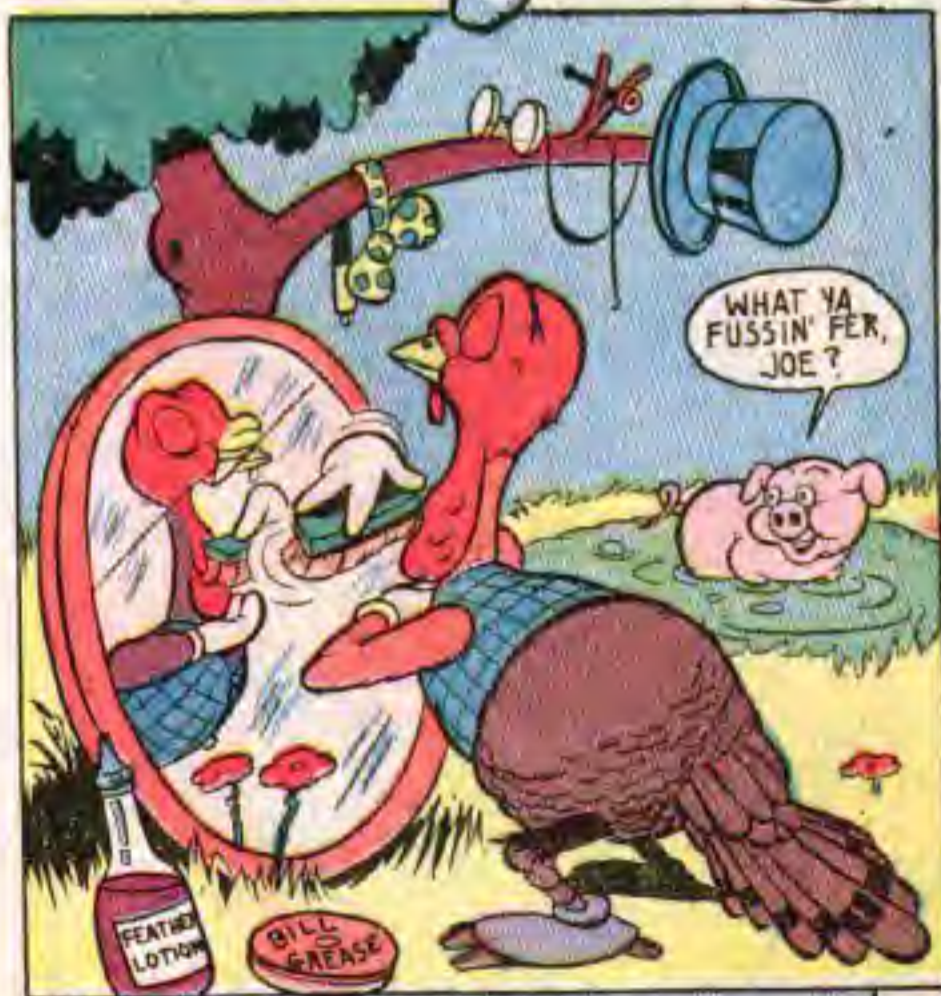
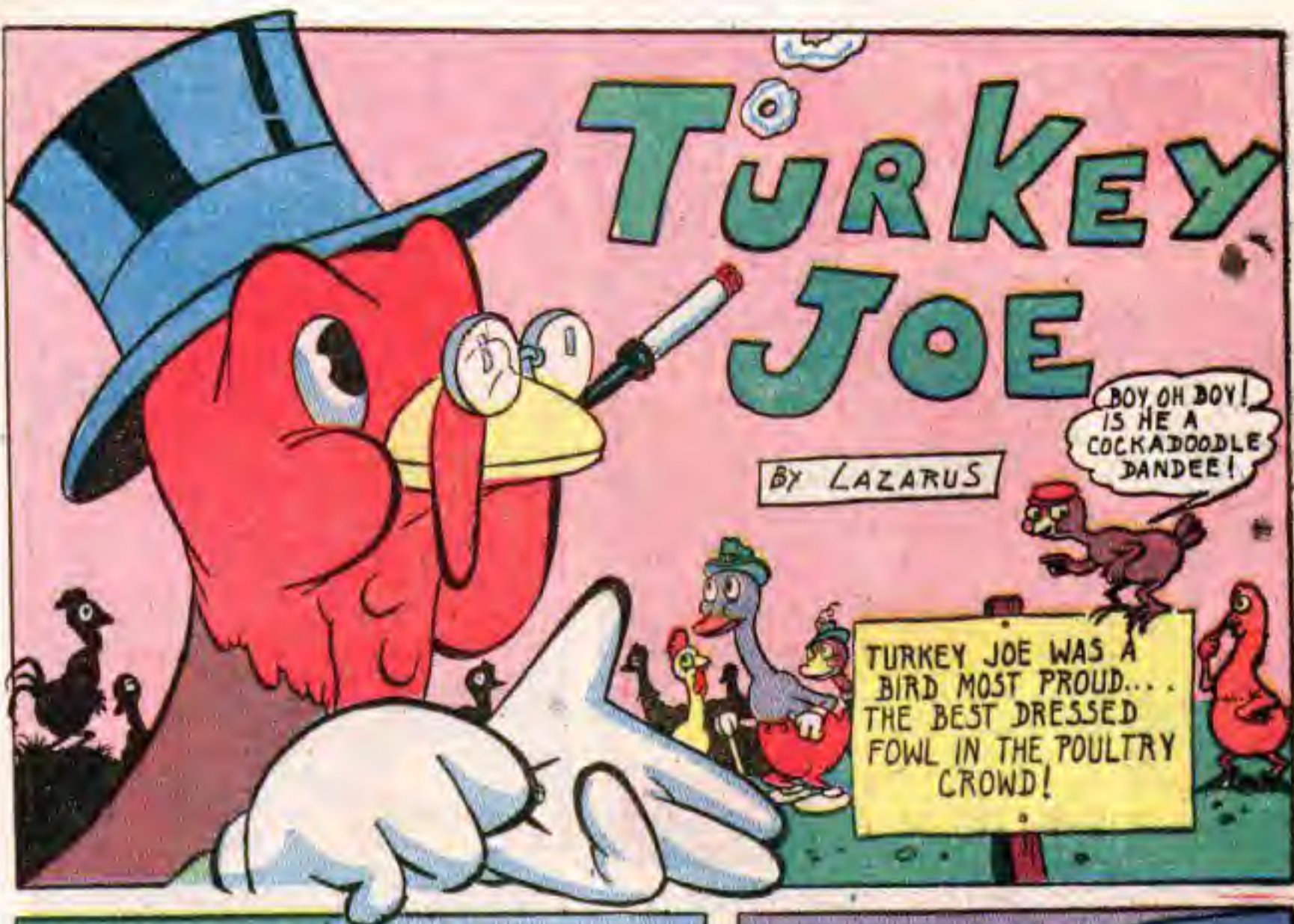
BALCOLM'S COMING TO...



BOOKING IMMEDIATE PASSAGE, ROD AND ZARITA SAIL FOR HOME.

THE LAB WILL BE TICKLED, ROD?

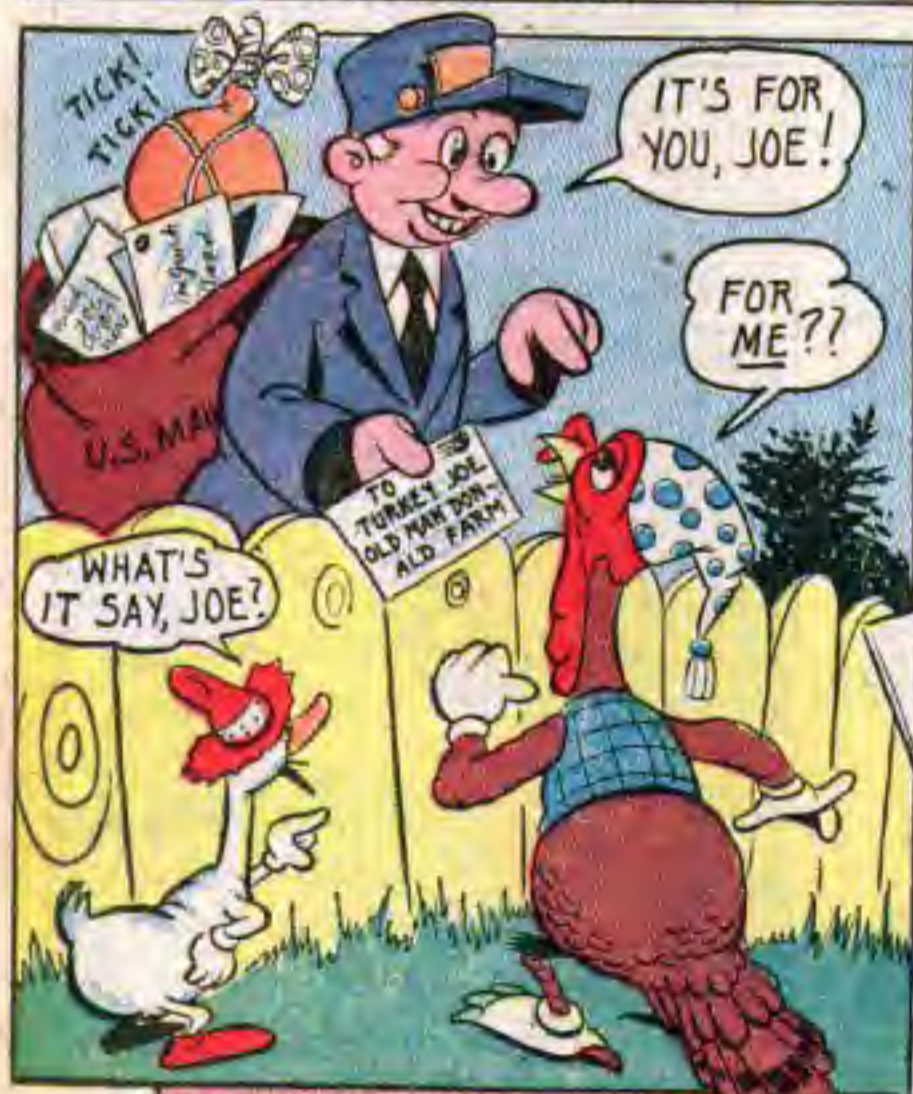
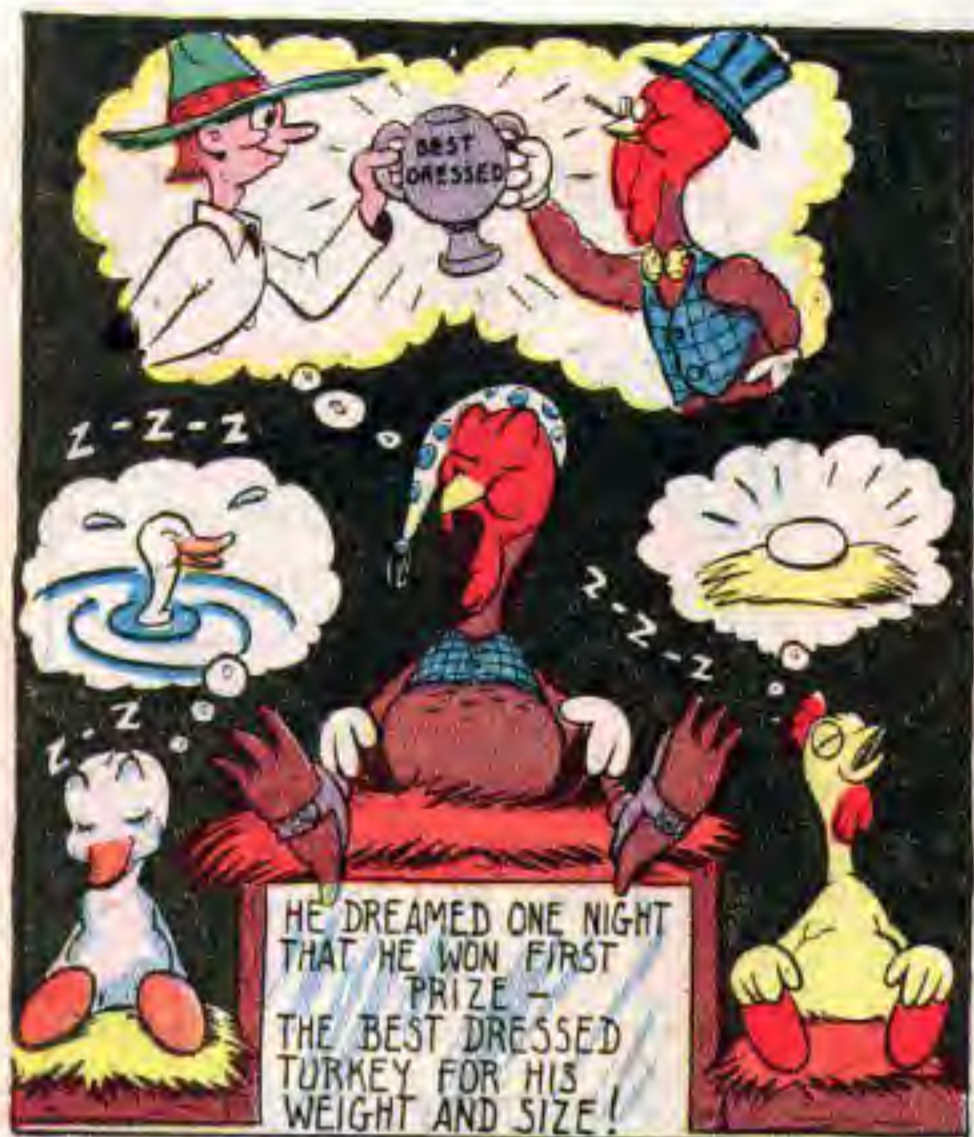
I HOPE SO! BUT I WONDER IF THEY'LL BELIEVE MY STORY!



HE POLISHED AND SCRUBBED TO
TURKEY PERFECTION—
AND HE NEVER GOT TIRED OF HIS
OWN REFLECTION!



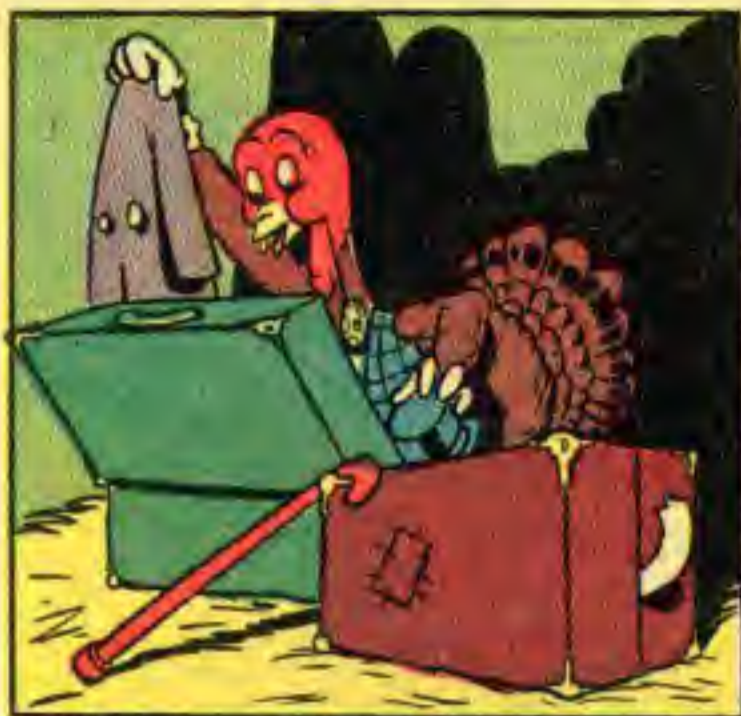
THERE WAS ONLY THIS TROUBLE
WITH TURKEY JOE!
HE WAS ALL DRESSED UP, AND
NOWHERES TO GO!



THE MAILMAN HAD BROUGHT HIM A LETTER! WHAT'S MORE SUCH A THING NEVER HAPPENED TO A TURKEY BEFORE!



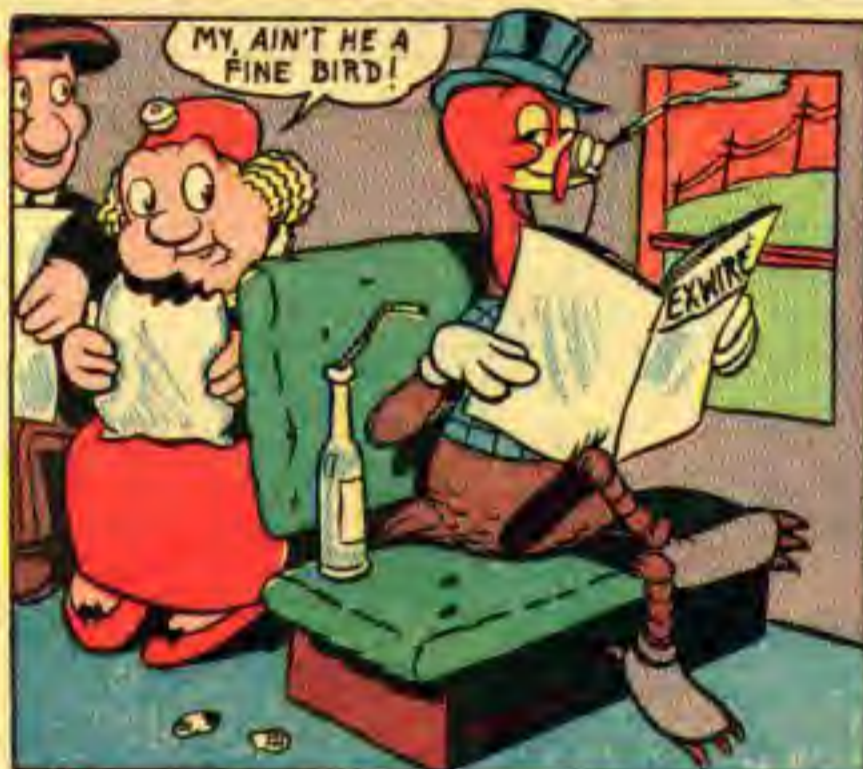
WHEN HE READ WHAT IT SAID, HE CRIED, "HOW GLAD I AM! IT'S A REAL INVITATION FROM MY UNCLE SAM!"



HIS EXCITEMENT WAS SUCH, HE COULD NOT TAKE ENOUGH - AS HE PACKED TWO VALISES WITH CLOTHING AND STUFF!



TO HIS FRIENDS HE THEN MADE A 'SHORT SPEECH OF FAREWELL' - THE DUCKS PLAYED THE BAND, AND THE COW RANG HER BELL!

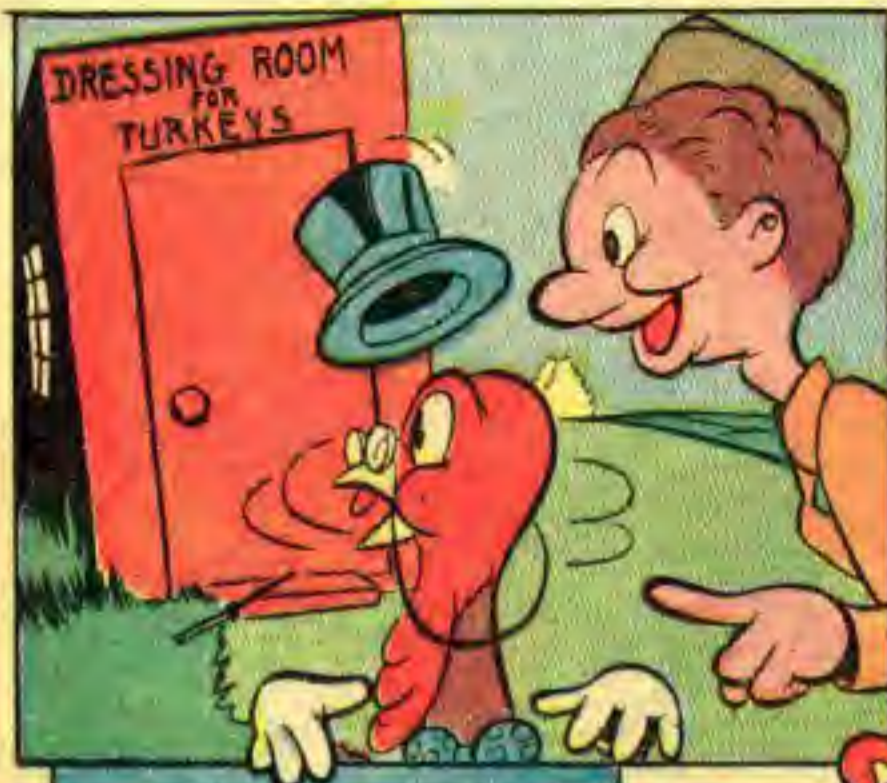


HE TRAVELLED BY TRAIN, AND IT WAS A SUCCESS. ALL THE PASSENGERS NOTED HIS NEATNESS OF DRESS.

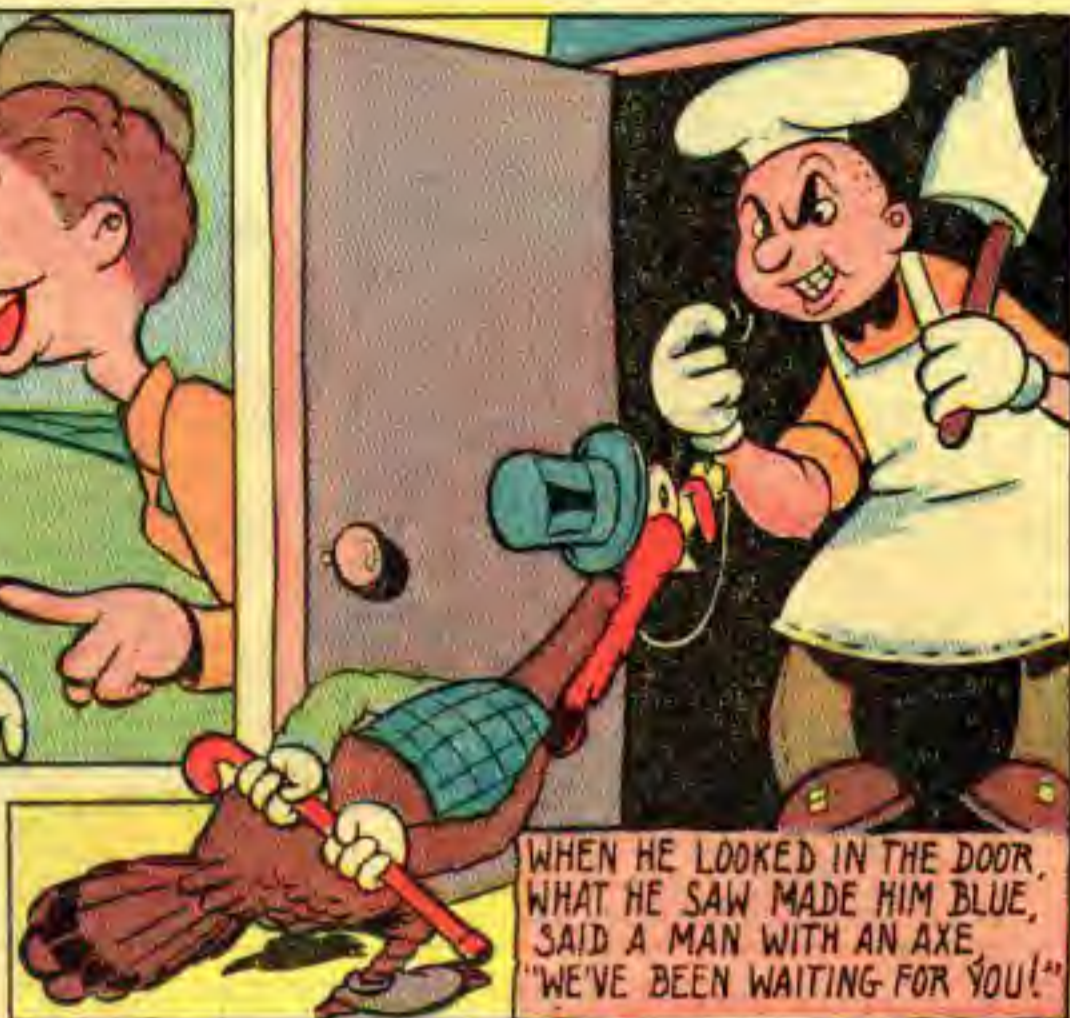


HIS RECEPTION WAS WARMER THAN HE HAD EXPECTED - "TO THE KITCHEN FOR DRESSING!" HE THEN WAS DIRECTED.....





"BUT I AM DRESSED!" SAID JOE
 "BUT NOT IN THE STYLE
 WE PREFER FOR THE ARMY",
 HE WAS TOLD WITH A SMILE.



WHEN HE LOOKED IN THE DOOR,
 WHAT HE SAW MADE HIM BLUE,
 SAID A MAN WITH AN AXE,
 "WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!"



"MY ERROR" SAID JOE AND HE STARTED TO GO -
 BUT THE MAN WITH THE AXE COULD RUN FASTER THAN JOE!



POOR JOE LOST HIS HEAD
AND HIS FINE FEATHERS TOO!
HE WAS DRESSED IN A MANNER
BOTH DIFFERENT AND NEW!



BUT WHEN HE WAS SERVED, ALL THE
BOYS SAID, "HOW GRAND!
HE STILL IS THE BEST DRESSED
BIRD IN THE LAND!"



AND THAT IS WHY
AND THAT IS HOW,
JOE IS IN THE ARMY NOW!



HE GAVE HIS
ALL
IN PEACE AND
WAR.
THAT'S ALL
THERE WAS.
THERE AIN'T
NO MORE!

"ROOKIE ROD"

by MEL

NOW LET'S SEE-H-M-M. THE
MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENSE
FIRST-HOW TO BOX A
SKILLED OPPONENT---



HEY, SARGE! C'MON OVER TO THE
DRILL-FIELD WITH ME. I WANNA
PIN YOUR BIG FAT EARS BACK!



WHAT WAS THAT?

ARE YOU
KIDDIN',
STUPID?

NO!!



WOW! WHAT
A FIGHT!

LOOK AT
HIM SLUG!

WOW



NOW LET'S SEE!
FIRST PICK ON A
SISSY!!



YOUNG NORWEGIAN HERO FOOLS GESTAPO

The Norway Merchant Marine does double duty in this war. With its ships and men, it carries a sizable part of our war cargo. With the income obtained from this service, the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission supports the Royal Norwegian Air Force's training school at Little Norway in Canada.

The first planes to be used at Little Norway, when it opened in 1940, consisted of a shipment from the United States which had been ordered by the Norwegian government before the invasion. Since then the camp has been continuously supplied with the most modern flying equipment the United Nations can furnish.

From its beginning, the school has had an average of 1000 men in training. From it, they go to take their place beside British and American flyers in the relentless air warfare of Europe.

Everyone Has An Escape Story

Everyone at Camp Little Norway, from its greenest recruit to its commander, Lt. Col. Ole Reistad, got to Canada by fleeing his native land. Each has an escape story to tell.

The story of Knut Fredriksen illustrates the determination of these Norwegian boys (many of them were less than 14 years old when they started to shoulder a gun against Hitler) to fight for United Nations, at whatever risk.

Knut Fredriksen was a school boy of 16 when the Nazis invaded his homeland. Like many of his classmates, he escaped from Oslo, joined the army and played his part in the hopelessly unmatched fight against the Germans.

When the army was demobilized, the lad returned to Oslo and school. The schooling was unconventional for the students gave more attention to schemes of sabotage than algebra formulae.

Gestapo Caught Him

One day the Gestapo caught him taking arms from a German arsenal near Oslo. There was the semblance of a trial. He was sentenced to a year and a half in a German prison.

Awaiting his shipment to Germany and possible death, he was lodged in a Gestapo jail in Oslo. Here his captors, deceived by his youth and apparent guilelessness, made him a trusty and assigned him to routine tasks at Gestapo headquarters. This gave him an opportunity to do useful work for Norway.

At the headquarters where he went every morning in a special police car, he was able to steal stamps and official Gestapo envelopes. He sent letters all over Norway for his fellow prisoners in jail, confident that no censor would touch a letter bearing the stamp of the secret police.

Used Gestapo's Phones

He even used the Gestapo's telephone to send messages out from the room where they had set him to work. He operated so smoothly that he aroused no suspicion. Not until the morning he escaped out of the window of the Gestapo headquarters.

He zigzagged through the forest paths toward the Swedish border which he finally reached in safety. While waiting for a means of escape to turn up, he again went back to school, this time a technical school in Gothenburg.

One day in December, 1941, Knut Fredriksen, along with 95 other persevering patriots, set sail for England in a Swedish fishing boat. They ran the German blockade through the narrow straits between Norway and Denmark.

Struck a Storm

Midway in the North Sea they struck a storm. Their small boat sprang leaks. They knew they could never get to England; feared they would not get back to Sweden. But they reached Gothenburg.

Knut went back to school, for a while.

On the first of April, 1942, 10 Norwegian merchant vessels interned in a Swedish port made a suicidal dash for freedom. Some were sunk by German bombers and surface raiders; some had to turn back. One reached a British port. On board was a stowaway named Knut Fredriksen.

From England, he went to Canada where, today, he is in training at Little Norway.

Flyer Fredriksen gets his recruit training at Little Norway. Then he goes to Camp Muskola, 120 miles north, where the country much resembles his native Norway. Further training with the R. A. F. takes place at one of the British Commonwealth's air schools in western Canada. Finally, he returns to Little Norway for his last hours of student flying, with Curtiss fighters, Douglas bombers and Northrop patrol bombers.

American-Norwegian Heroes

The Nazi invasion of Norway personalized their interest in the war for the nearly one million Americans of Norwegian descent now in this country. The entry of the United States into the war strengthened the stake. Today our Norwegian-American groups are

giving deep and substantial support to the war programs of both America and Norway.

Boys whose parents or grandparents were born in Norway are in all branches of our armed forces. Navy and War Department citations do not give the ancestry of the heroes. If they did, these records would show that the heroism of the Norwegian-Americans can take its proud place beside that of the Free Norwegians, as an example to the world, and in history.

First Lieut. James Perry Muri, whose father was born in Norway, was given the Distinguished Service Cross for participating in the first air attacks on enemy ships in the Pacific. Muri returned to his base with 500 bullet holes in his plane and two of his crew severely wounded. He reported one enemy aircraft sunk, and Japanese vessels left burning.

Second Lieut. Erling J. Nossum, whose parents are Norwegian, was decorated with the Silver Star for action at Bali and Java during the Netherlands Indies campaign. This bombardier of a seven-man Flying Fortress crew was cited for "meritorious achievement and performance in aerial flight against the armed enemy."

Norwegian-Americans are also doing a good job on the civilian front. These sturdy descendants of the approximately one million Norwegians who have migrated to America since the first boat landed in New York in 1825 have been pretty completely absorbed in our national life. Their part in winning the war is basically the same as that of their neighbors in New York or Minnesota. Their ancestry, however, gives an added emphasis to their share in our common cause.

Igor SIKORSKY

AND HIS AMAZING HELICOPTER

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO A GAWKY FLYING MACHINE WITH A LARGE THREE-BLADED PROPELLER LIFTED ITSELF AND ITS INVENTOR OFF A GRASSY MEADOW IN STRATFORD, CONN.

TO SPECTATORS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST ANOTHER AIRPLANE EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT IT FLEW STRAIGHT UP! IT HOVERED OVER THE GROUND AND A SHORT WHILE LATER IT DESCENDED VERTICALLY DOWN TO A LANDING.

HOW THIS REMARKABLE MACHINE, WHICH WILL SOON BE EVERYMAN'S AIRPLANE, WAS DEVELOPED, IS TOLD IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES.



THE IDEA OF THE HELICOPTER IS NOT A NEW ONE.

AS FAR BACK AS 1908, IGOR SIKORSKY, SON OF A RUSSIAN PROFESSOR, HAD VISIONS OF AN AIRPLANE THAT COULD ASCEND AND DESCEND VERTICALLY. HE BUILT HIS FIRST ONE IN THAT YEAR.....

IT WAS A CLUMSY LOOKING AFFAIR AND IT COULD NOT FLY... SIKORSKY SOON ABANDONED IT.....



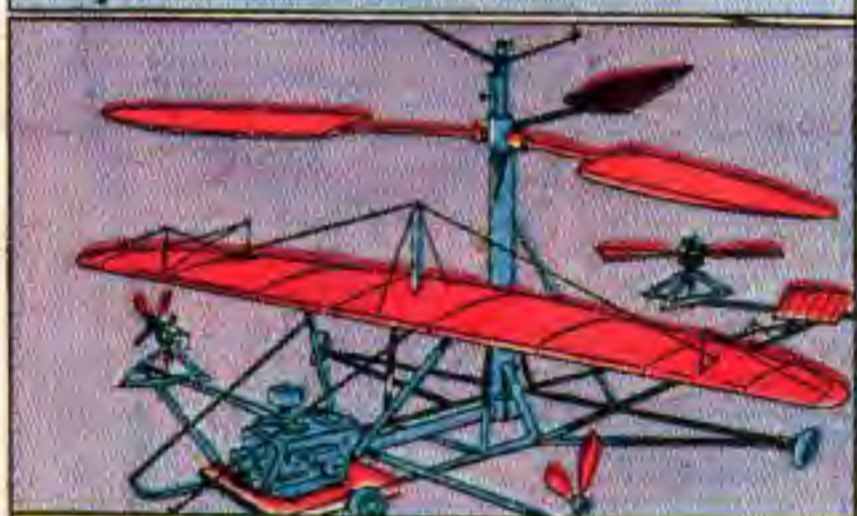
IN THAT SAME YEAR A FRENCH MAN BUILT ONE THAT LIFTED ITSELF A FEW FEET OFF THE GROUND.



IN 1916, A THREE-ENGINED AUSTRIAN HELICOPTER MADE SEVERAL FLIGHTS WITHOUT A PILOT... IT WAS CONTROLLED BY CABLE FROM THE GROUND...

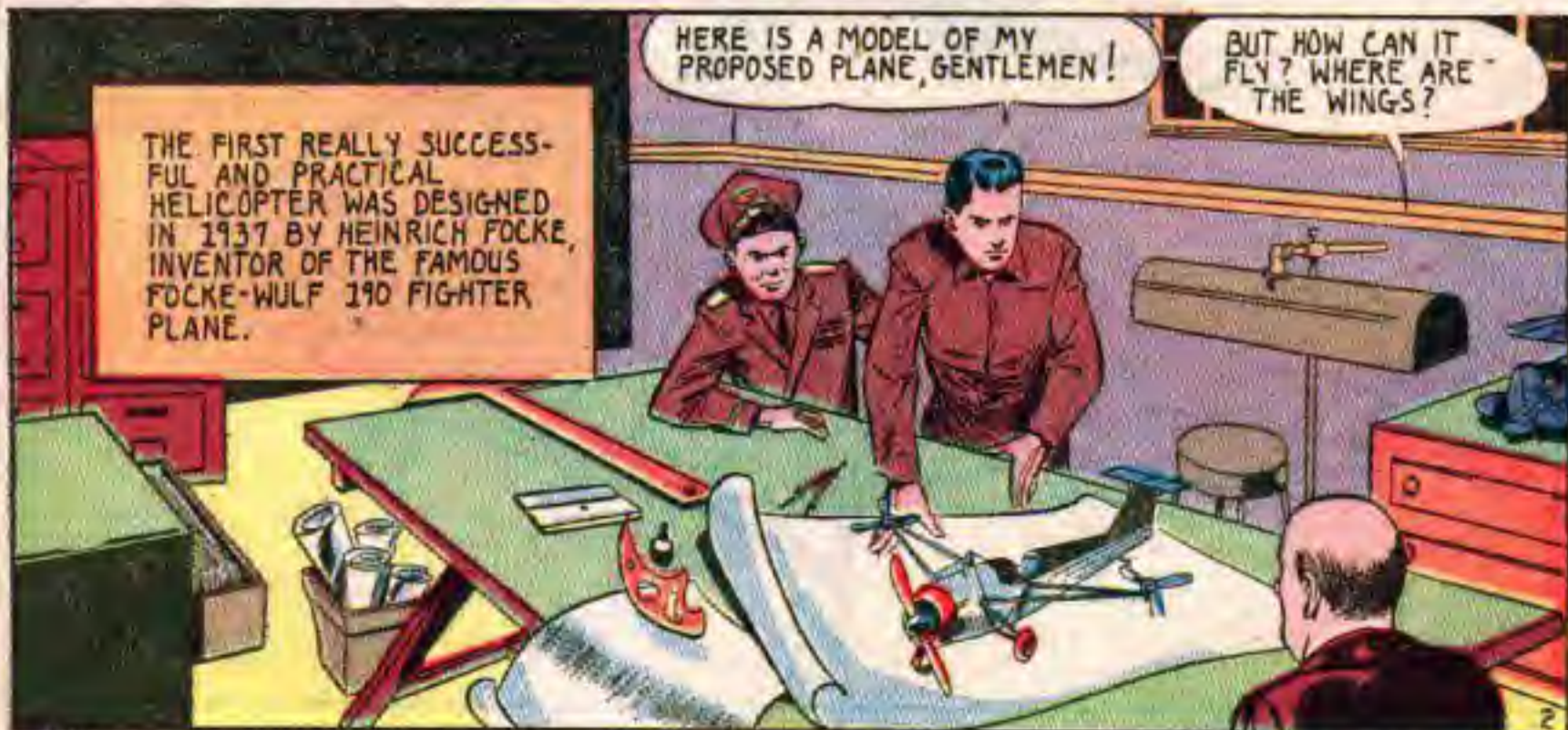


IN FRANCE AGAIN IN 1920 THIS COMPLICATED AFFAIR WAS BUILT. ONE OF THE MOST COMPLEX MACHINES EVER PUT TOGETHER.



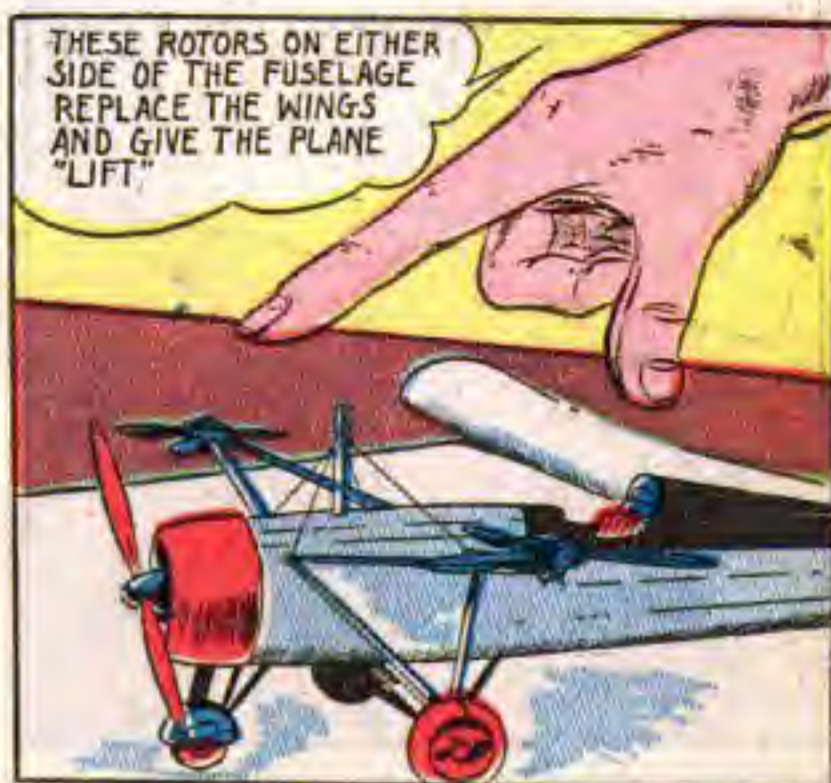
LOOKING MORE LIKE A "RUBE GOLDBERG INVENTION", IT COULD NOT FLY AND THEREFORE WAS ABANDONED.

THE FIRST REALLY SUCCESSFUL AND PRACTICAL HELICOPTER WAS DESIGNED IN 1937 BY HEINRICH FOCKE, INVENTOR OF THE FAMOUS FOCKE-WULF 190 FIGHTER PLANE.

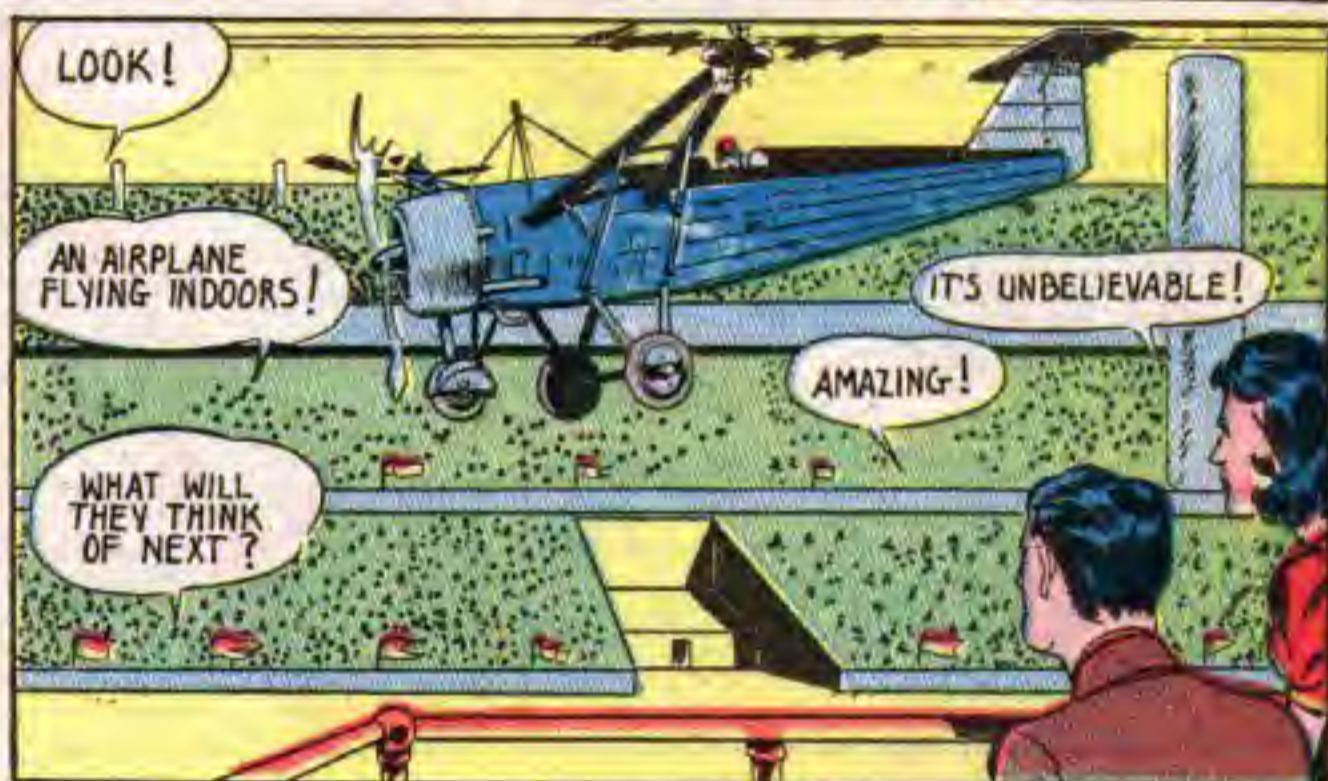


HERE IS A MODEL OF MY PROPOSED PLANE, GENTLEMEN!

BUT HOW CAN IT FLY? WHERE ARE THE WINGS?



THAT SAME YEAR
FOCKE BUILT A
FULL SCALE
MODEL OF HIS
HELICOPTER
WHICH WAS
FLOWN INSIDE
AN AUDITORIUM
IN BERLIN...
IT STAYED
ALOFT FOR
ONE HOUR AND
TWENTY MINUTES,
THE FIRST
REALLY FLYABLE
HELICOPTER IN
THE WORLD...



SIKORSKY'S

PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT
OF THE HELICOPTER.



AFTER THE FAILURE OF HIS FIRST HELICOPTER, SIKORSKY TURNED TO DESIGNING CONVENTIONAL PLANES...



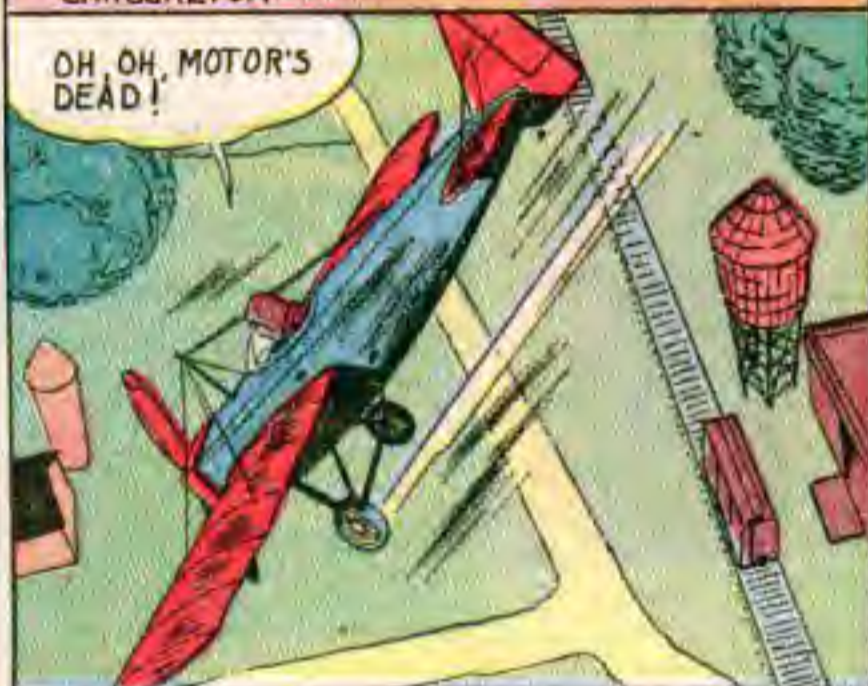
THE S-2, WHICH HE BUILT IN 1910, WAS WRECKED ON ITS FIRST FLIGHT BY A DOWNDRAFT OVER A RAVINE. . . .



HIS SECOND PLANE WAS TYPICAL OF THAT DAY: FABRIC, WIRES AND BICYCLE WHEELS. . . . BUT IT, TOO, MET WITH MISFORTUNE

A DEAD MOSQUITO CLOGGED UP THE CARBURETOR

OH, OH, MOTOR'S DEAD!



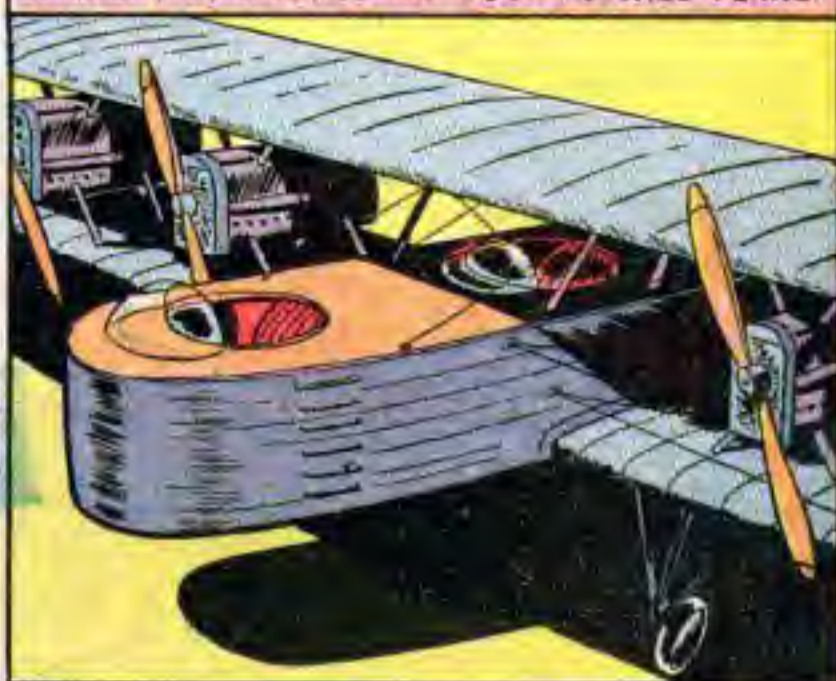
A YEAR'S WORK RUINED BECAUSE OF MOTOR FAILURE. THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED IF THE PLANE HAD TWO, THREE OR EVEN FOUR MOTORS!



WHY CAN'T I BUILD A
PLANE WITH FOUR MOTORS?
JUST BECAUSE IT'S NEVER
BEEN DONE DOES NOT
NECESSARILY MEAN THAT
IT CAN'T BE.....



MONTHS LATER, WITH THAT THOUGHT IN MIND,
SIKORSKY COMPLETED HIS FOUR-MOTORED PLANE.

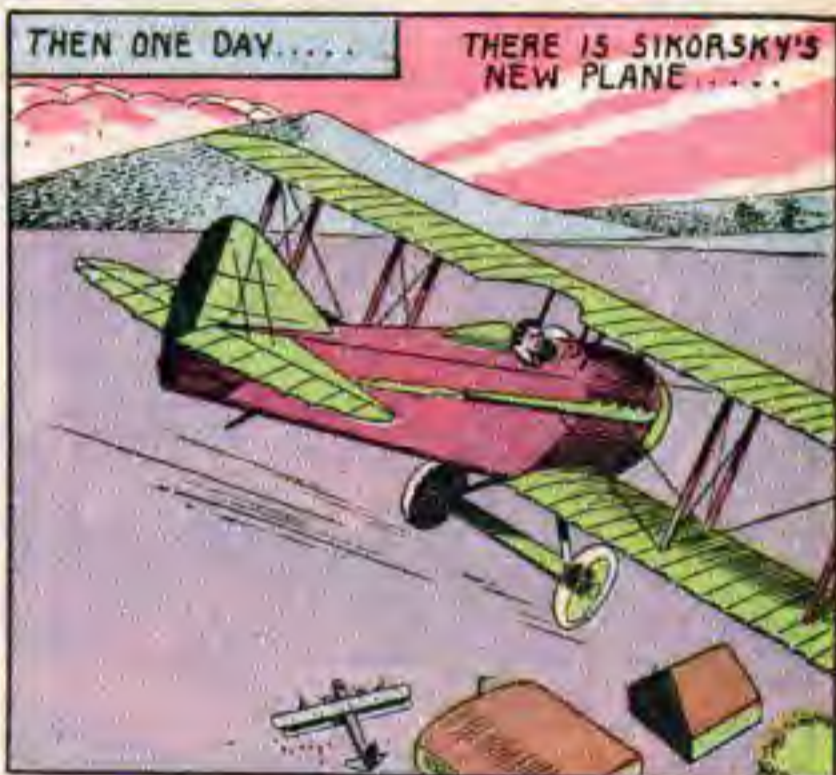


IT'S CLUMSY-LOOKING, BUT IT
WILL FLY. WHAT'S MORE, IT'S
THE FIRST MULTI-ENGINE
PLANE IN THE WORLD.



THEN ONE DAY.....

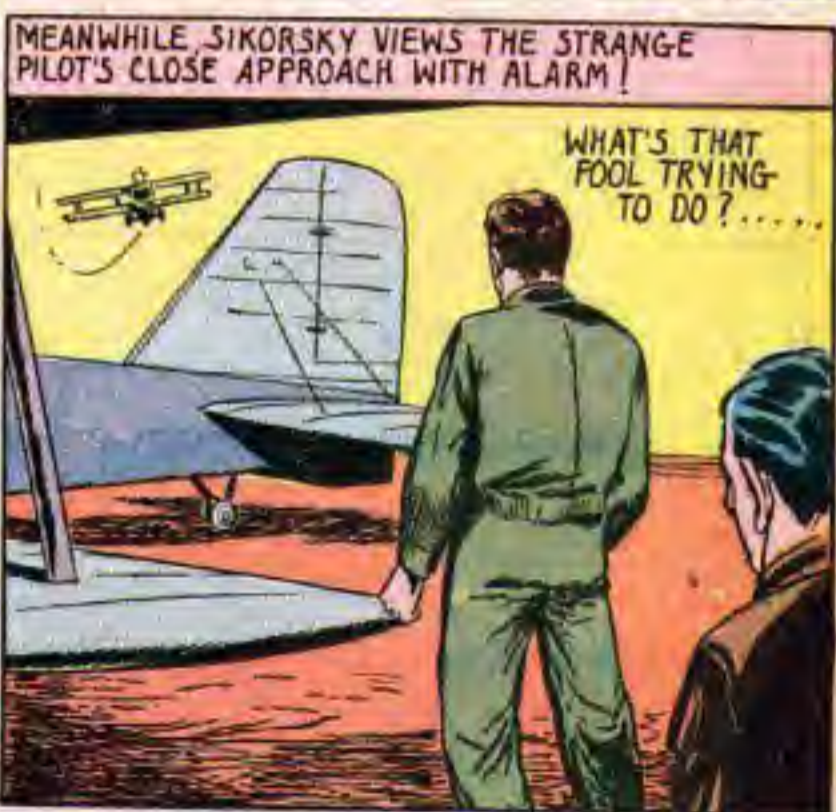
THERE IS SIKORSKY'S
NEW PLANE.....



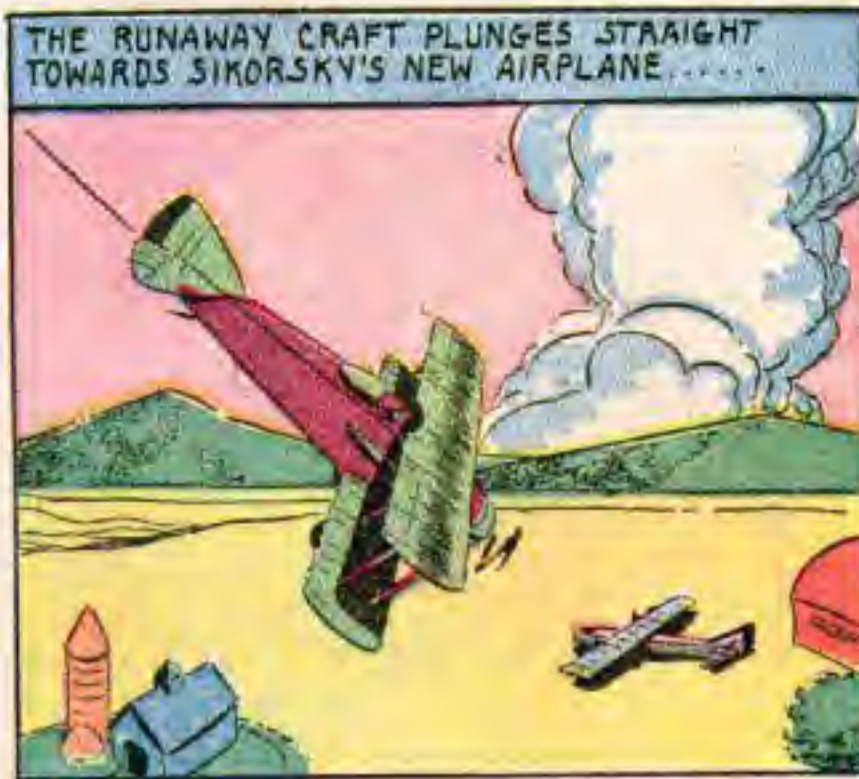
I'LL FLY LOWER AND
GET A BETTER LOOK.....



MEANWHILE, SIKORSKY VIEWS THE STRANGE
PILOT'S CLOSE APPROACH WITH ALARM!



WHAT'S THAT
FOOL TRYING-
TO DO?.....



UNDAUNTED, SIKORSKY PROCEEDED TO BUILD BIGGER AND BETTER PLANES. IN WORLD WAR I, SIKORSKY BOMBERS WERE COMMONPLACE ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT



THE BLOODY REVOLUTION OF 1914 FORCED
SIKORSKY TO LEAVE RUSSIA....



HE CAME TO AMERICA....



IN THE UNITED STATES, SIKORSKY SOON ESTABLISHED HIMSELF AS A TOP-FLIGHT AIRCRAFT ENGINEER. IN 1924, HIS THOUGHTS AGAIN TURNED TO THE HELICOPTER.

THIS TIME I BELIEVE I COULD DESIGN ONE THAT WOULD REALLY FLY....



YEARS OF WORK FOLLOWED.....



AT LENGTH THE HELICOPTER THE US-300, AS IT WAS CALLED, WAS FINISHED.....



IT WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS!



LATER, AS THE MODEL WAS IMPROVED PONTONS WERE ADDED ENABLING THE HELICOPTER TO TAKE-OFF AND LAND UPON WATER.

IN 1942, THE YR-4, AN IMPROVED VERSION OF SIKORSKY'S FIRST TWO HELICOPTERS, WAS BUILT.



QUITE A NUMBER OF YR-4'S ARE USED BY THE ARMY IN THE ATLANTIC PATROL... THEIR LOW LANDING SPEED MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO LAND ON THE DECKS OF LIBERTY FREIGHTERS...

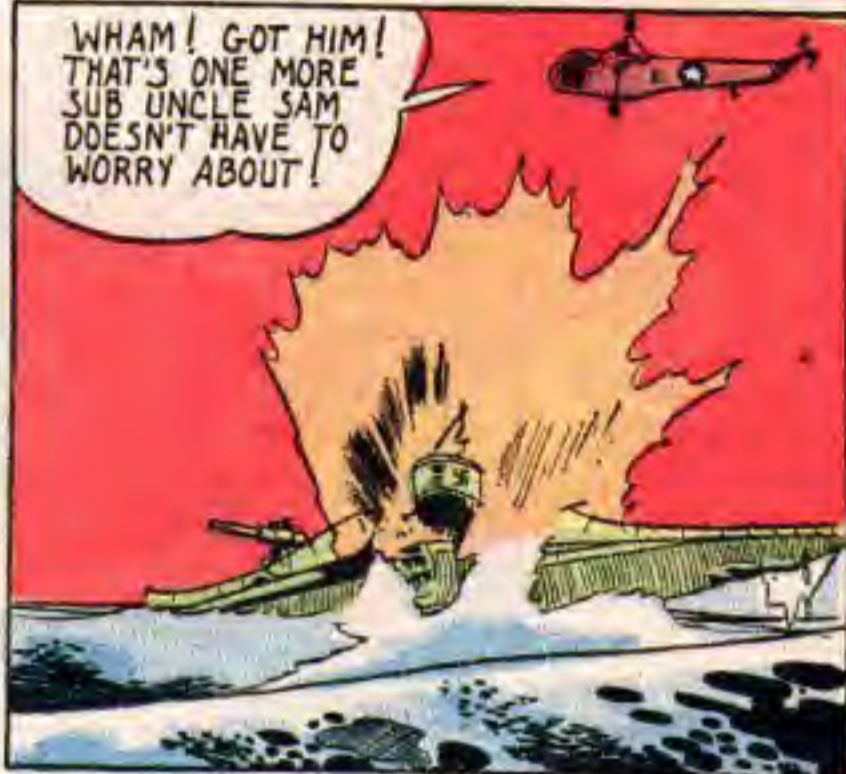


THESE SLOW FLYING CRAFT ARE INVALUABLE IN SPOTTING SUBMARINES.

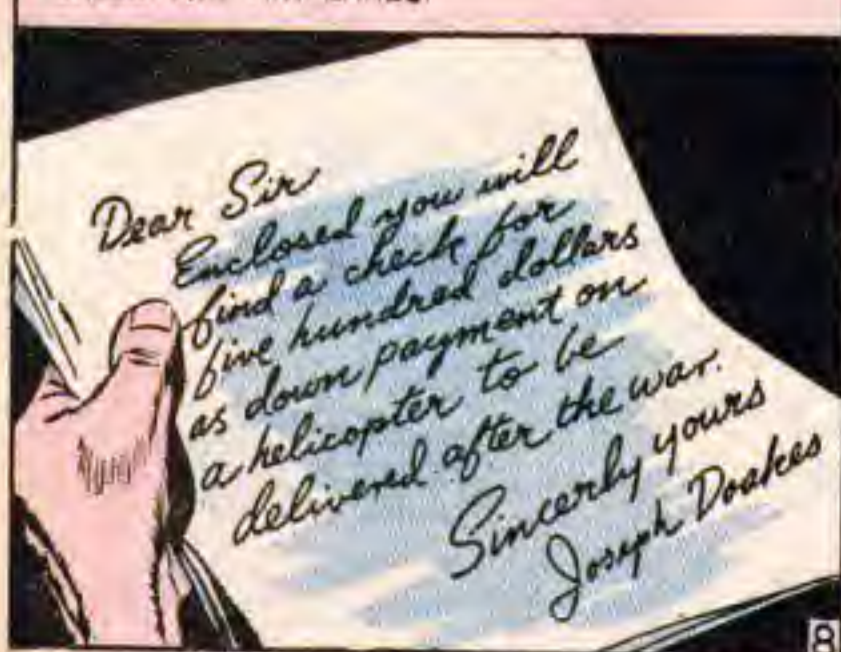


ANOTHER SUB... I'LL DROP A FEW "ASH CANS" OVER-BOARD.

WHAM! GOT HIM! THAT'S ONE MORE SUB UNCLE SAM DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT!



EVER SINCE THE SIKORSKY COMPANY INTRODUCED THE HELICOPTER, NUMEROUS PERSONS HAVE ATTEMPTED TO PURCHASE THE AIRPLANES.



Dear Sir
Enclosed you will find a check for five hundred dollars as down payment on a helicopter to be delivered after the war.
Sincerely yours
Joseph Doakes

A COMPANY IN NEW JERSEY HAS APPLIED TO THE C.A.A. TO FLY A HELICOPTER BUS SERVICE.....

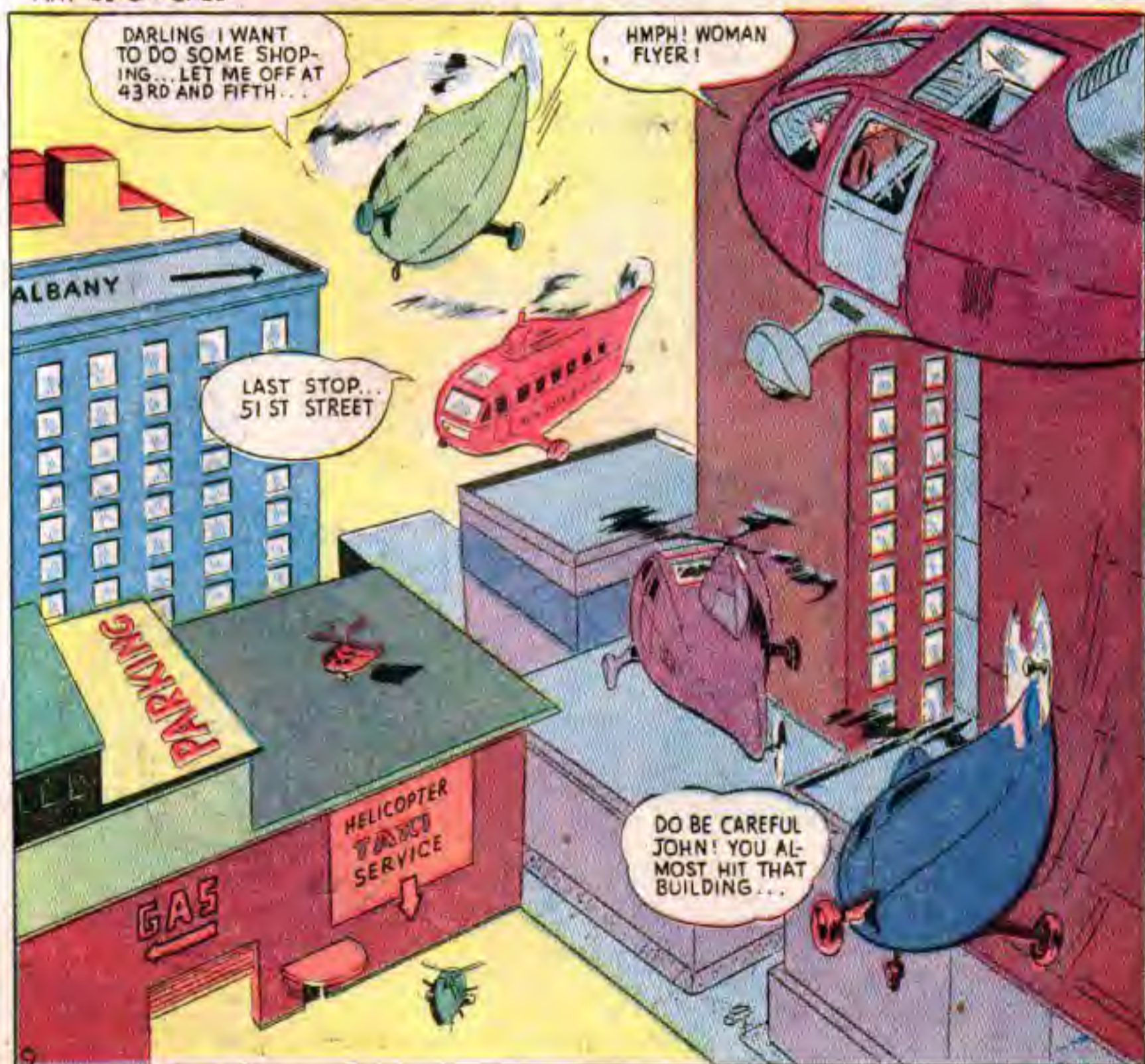


THE FUTURE OF THE HELICOPTER

IN 8 OR 10 YEARS AFTER THE WAR THE HELICOPTER IS EXPECTED TO BE DEVELOPED TO THE DEGREE SHOWN ON THIS PAGE...

FLYING FROM THE HOME TO THE OFFICE WILL BE COMMONPLACE...

EXPERTS EXPECT THE HELICOPTER TO EVENTUALLY REPLACE THE AUTOMOBILE IN EVERYDAY LIFE. BY THE TIME YOUR WAR BONDS MATURE, HELICOPTERS MAY BE ON SALE!



by MEL LAZARUS

COME TO THE FUN CIRCUS



I BETCHA WHEN HE STARTS TO TALK, IT TAKES SO LONG FOR THE WORDS TO COME UP, HE FORGETS WHAT HE WANTED TO SAY!



HALP! I KNEW I WAS TOO LIGHT FOR THESE BALLOONS!

SEE THE ANIMALS ON THE RIGHT? WELL WHICH ONE OF 'EM NEIGHS? WHICH CHIRPS? WHICH HOWLS? WHICH HISSES? WHICH TRUMPETS? WHICH BRAYS? WHICH ROARS?



TWO-FACERS (TURN 'EM UPSIDE DOWN)



JOE LOOKS PLEASED. WHY? JUST TAKE A LOOK AT HIS BRIDE-TO-BE!



ARCHIE JUST ESCAPED FROM PRISON. TURN OVER & SEE THE JAILER!



JIMMY JUST WANTS A LOLLIPOP. HELP HIM REACH IT IN THE CENTRE!

Introducing

IN THE
CASE OF THE

FISH SCALE MAN

DURRAND DRAW



DURRAND DRAW — —



DID YOU EVER SEE A FISH SCALE MAN? WELL THAT'S WHAT DURRAND DRAW IS UP AGAINST--- A FISH SCALE MAN--- A MISSING AIR RAID WARDEN--- AND THE ONLY CLUE IS A BOTTLE OF FINGER-NAIL POLISH AND HUMAN FISH SCALES. READ HOW DURRAND DRAW, TRACER OF MISSING PERSONS, SOLVES THE STRANGE CASE OF THE FISH SCALE MAN!



AS A BLACKOUT ENDS... TWO WARDENS
PREPARE TO LEAVE THEIR POSTS.....

EILEEN WARDER HAS
DISAPPEARED! ... AND
LOOK AT THIS!

IT'S HER FINGER-NAIL
POLISH... WHAT DO
YOU THINK HAPPENED?



HOLY SMOKES! WHAT'S THAT?
IT LOOKS --- IT IS FISH SCALES!
WHA -- WHAT
DOES THIS
MEAN?

LATER THE TWO WARDENS
VISIT A CHEMIST.....

THESE ARE SCALES... FROM
A HUMAN BODY... I CAN TELL
BY THE BLOOD ON THEM.
SOMEONE IS
SUFFERING
FROM
ICHTHYOSIS

WHAT'LL WE DO?

CALL IN DURRAND
DRAW -- HE
TRACES PEOPLE.



AND SO, DURRAND
DRAW --- TRACER OF
MISSING PERSONS,
IS CALLED IN ON
THE CASE..... LATE
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT,
DURRAND VISITS THE
WARDER MANSION.



BOY THIS IS SOME
PLACE... HEY,
WHAT'S THAT?!

DURRAND LEAPS AT A DARK FIGURE CREEPING
THROUGH THE SHRUBBERY.....

HA! GOT YOU
NOW----

WHA --- NO
YOU DON'T!



HE GOT AWAY!
SAY! WHAT'S
THIS --- FISH SCALES!
THAT WAS THE PERSON
I'M LOOKING FOR!



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT DURRAND DRAW'S OFFICE...

DID YOU HAVE ANY LUCK, MR. DRAW?

I NEARLY CAUGHT THE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR, BUT WHO IS HE IS THE QUESTION THAT IS BOTHERING ME!



I HAVEN'T ANY CLUE AS TO EILEEN'S WHERE-ABOUTS BUT TONIGHT MY ASSISTANT, BETH, AND MYSELF ARE GOING BACK TO THE WARDER HOUSE AND DO SOME SNOOPING.



AND SO THAT NIGHT, DURRAND AND HIS ASSISTANT BETH, AGAIN VISIT THE WARDER MANSION.

LOOK! THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW! I THOUGHT NO ONE WAS HOME!



WHOEVER IS IN THERE IS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING... YOU STAY HERE, I'M GOING AROUND THE BACK.



LEAVING BETH TO WATCH THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE, DURRAND MAKES HIS WAY SILENTLY TO THE REAR... WHEN ---



HEY! WHAT'S THIS? A TUNNEL AND SOMEONE LEFT IT OPEN!

O.K. SNOOPER! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!





AS DURRAND LEAPS FOR THE GUN, HE TRIPS OVER A ROOT OF A TREE.....



A FEW MINUTES LATER... AFTER MAKING SURE THE THUG IS WELL-BOUND AND GAGGED.

WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS TUNNEL IS USED FOR?

HARD TO SAY... IT PROBABLY LEADS TO A WINE CELLAR OR...



DURRAND --- LOOK!

HOLY SMOKE... THAT MUST BE EILEEN!



SHE'S TIED UP, POOR GIRL. SO THIS IS WHERE THEY'VE BEEN KEEPING HER!

THIS CASE IS BECOMING MORE COMPLICATED EVERY MINUTE!



THERE SHE'S UNTIED... BUT SHE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS... YOU TRY TO BRING HER AROUND AND THEN GO FOR THE POLICE! I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND BACK IN THE HOUSE!



LATER, INSIDE THE HOUSE...

THIS IS THE THIRD ROOM I'VE BEEN IN AND STILL NO CLUE.



MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU... ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?

WHA...! OH... YES, I'M LOOKING FOR MR. WARDER... AND WHO ARE YOU?







YOU MUST BE DURRAND
DRAW--I'M SO GLAD
YOU'RE HERE--I--I'M
RALPH WARDER,
EILEEN'S UNCLE--MAN
WITH THE FISH
SCALES--

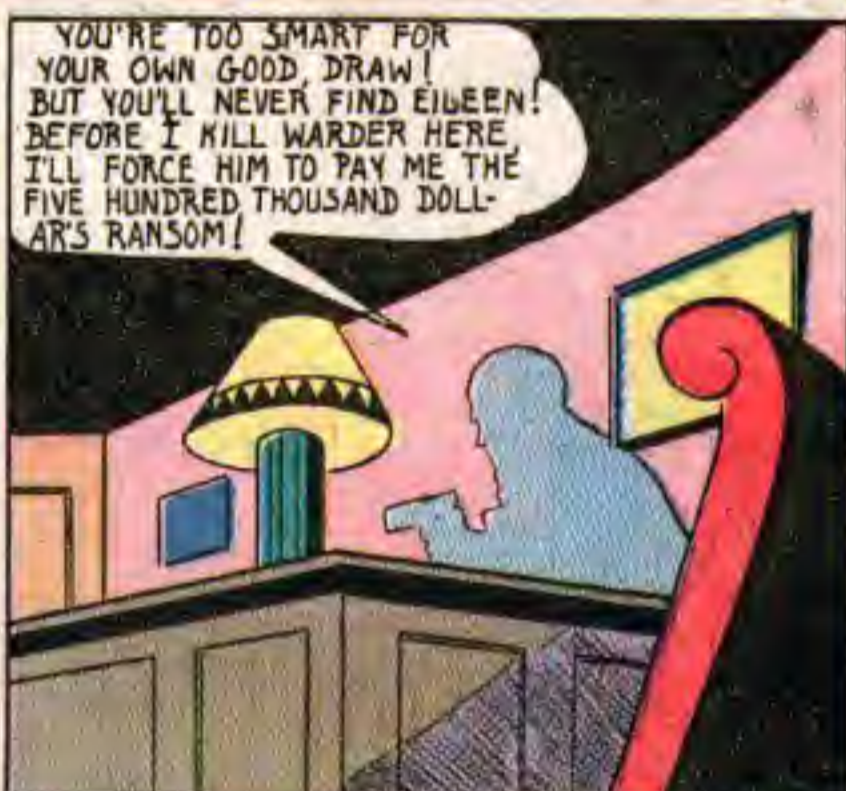


IT HAS BEEN HORRIBLE THEY MADE ME KIDNAP
MY OWN NIECE. I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE IS!
THEY PROBABLY KILLED HER! I DON'T CARE
WHAT HAPPENS NOW--OH--!



SO YOU FOUND HIM, EH,
DRAW? WELL, IT'S TOO BAD
'CAUSE NOW YOU'RE BOTH
GONNA DIE!

YOU! THE GARDENER!
I THOUGHT YOU HAD
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
THIS WHEN I FIRST SAW
YOU!



YOU'RE TOO SMART FOR
YOUR OWN GOOD, DRAW!
BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND EILEEN!
BEFORE I KILL WARDER HERE,
I'LL FORCE HIM TO PAY ME THE
FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLL-
AR'S RANSOM!



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG,
I ALREADY FOUND EILEEN!
MY ASSISTANT AND SHE ARE
ON THEIR WAY TO THE POLICE
THIS VERY MOMENT--
BUT FIRST--



SUDDENLY DURRAND HURLS THE INK BOTTLE AT
THE GARDENER'S FACE!

WHAT TH!
YE000W!

THE FOLLOWING DAY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....

BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS FISH SCALE MAN--IT WAS WARDER, WASN'T IT--WHERE DOES HE FIT INTO THE PICTURE?

IT'S SIMPLE CHIEF --- I'LL EXPLAIN.



WARDER HAD A DISEASE CALLED ICHTHYOSIS, SCALES FORM ON YOUR BODY---WELL WARDER AND HIS NIECE WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNEW THIS BUT SOMEHOW THE BUTLER AND THE GARDENER FOUND IT OUT THEY THREATENED TO EXPOSE HIM UNLESS WARDER PAID THEM TO KEEP QUIET



... WELL WARDER WOULDN'T PAY, SO THE BUTLER THREATENED TO KILL EILEEN. THEY MADE WARDER KIDNAP HER DURING THE BLACKOUT-- THEN THEY PUT HER IN THE OLD WINE CELLAR UNTIL HER UNCLE PAID THEM THE 500,000 DOLLARS! AND... WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST!

DRAW! YOU'RE A CLEVER DETECTIVE! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A JOB ON THE FORCE?



NO THANKS CHIEF, I JUST GOT AN AIR-MAIL LETTER FROM MR. MULFORD! HE HAS ANOTHER CASE FOR ME TO SOLVE --- COME ALONG, BETH! WE'RE GOING TO SEE WHO'S MISSING THIS TIME!



NEXT MONTH
DURRAND DRAW

SOLVES ANOTHER STRANGE CASE!!

DON'T MISS IT!

IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF
BLUE BEETLE
COMICS

FOR DEFENSE



BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

SERVICE GAGS

by Mel



TAMAA

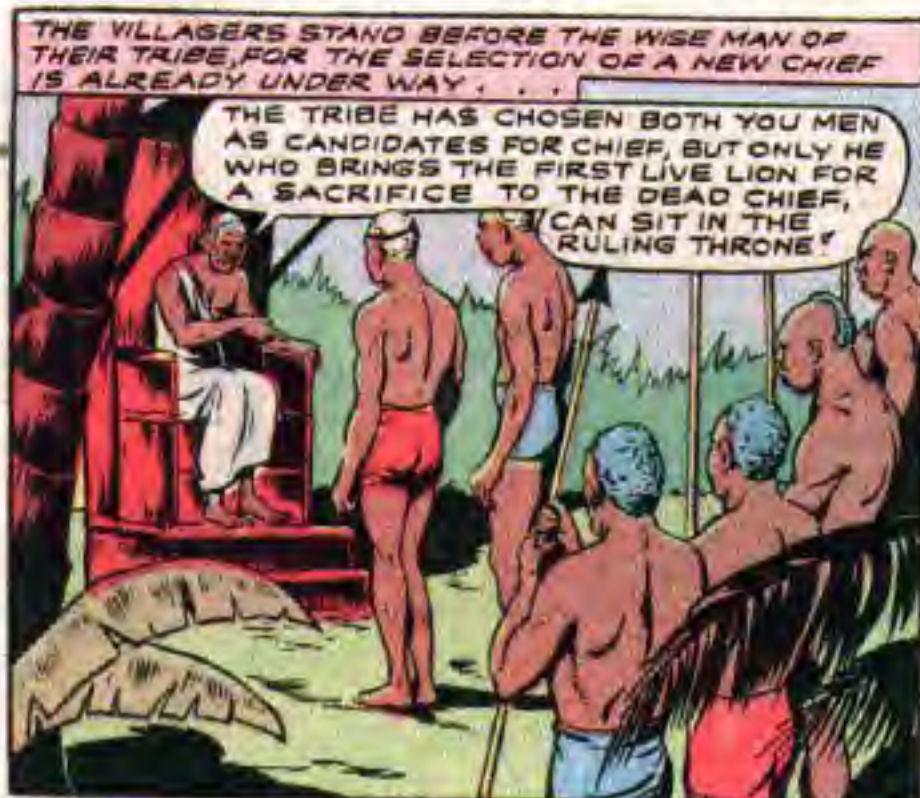
JUNGLE PRINCE

BY BOB KIPLER



TIME PASSES SWIFTLY, AND SOON AUGO IS FULLY GROWN.





BUT AUGO'S CRIES AWAKEN
A FAMILIAR FIGURE . . .



WHAT'S THIS??
THEY HAVE
CAPTURED
AUGO! I MUST
RELEASE
HIM!

AND...



I DO NOT WISH
TO HARM YOU, GUARD,
BUT AUGO IS MY FRIEND!



COME, AUGO! WE
WILL RETURN
TO THE FOREST
WHERE WE
BOTH BELONG!

THE NEXT MORNING AS KOOLA AND
HIS SUPPORTERS GO FOR THEIR CATCH...



HE IS GONE! MY RIVAL
HAS RELEASED
HIM!



LOOK!
THE
GUARD!

HOLD, KOOLA, IT WAS
NOT YOUR RIVAL BUT
TAMAA WHO RELEASED
YOUR LION!

GRIM WITH REVENGE,
KOOLA ENTERS THE
FOREST . . .



TAMAA SHALL
PAY DEARLY
FOR THIS
TRICK!

SOON THEY COME UPON TAMAA AND
AUGO PLAYING IN THE DEEP JUNGLE...



HAY THERE
IS THE
TROUBLE
MAKER!



YOU ROAR, AUGO?
WHAT ARE YOU
TRYING TO WARN
ME ABOUT? OH..
I SEE!



WHAT DEVIL OF A MAN
IS THIS WHO WOULD
KILL US, AUGO?



I HAVE NO OTHER
WEAPON TO STOP
THIS MADMAN!

QUICKLY, TAMAA RUSHES
OVER TO AID THE
STUNNED NATIVE...

YOU ARE FROM A
PEACEFUL TRIBE,
WHY DO YOU ATTACK
AUGO AND ME?



I THOUGHT YOU WERE
MY ENEMY, TAMAA, BUT
I CAN SEE YOU WERE
JUST BEFRIENDING YOUR
LION BROTHER. I WILL
TELL YOU WHY I WAS
HUNTING HIM!



TAMAA HEARS KOOLA'S STORY AS
THEY HEAD BACK TOWARD THE VILLAGE.

I HAVE HEARD OF YOUR RIVAL,
KOOLA, AND I FEEL YOU WOULD
MAKE THE BEST RULER FOR
YOUR PEOPLE! I WILL HELP
YOU!

THANK YOU,
TAMAA!



IN THE SETTLEMENT, TAMAA SPEAKS TO THE
NATIVES...

THE JUNGLE LAWS
ARE SIMPLE. THERE
MUST BE NO BLOOD-
SHED OF AN INNOCENT
BEAST! THAT IS WHY
I RELEASED AUGO,
WHOM KOOLA CAUGHT,
AS PROOF TO YOU OF
HIS VALOR! HE IS RIGHT-
FULLY YOUR NEXT
CHIEF!



WE MUST FIRST HAVE PROOF OF YOUR OWN STRENGTH BEFORE WE ABIDE BY YOUR DECISION! WILL YOU RISK THE SNAKE PIT?

TAKE ME TO IT!



NO MAN HAS EVER REMAINED ALIVE WHO DARED TO MATCH WITH THIS MONSTER!

I HAVE NEVER SEEN A LARGER ONE, BUT I WILL TRY MY LUCK!



FOR KOOLA'S SAKE IT WILL BE YOUR LIFE OR MINE, FANGED ONE!



IF I DO NOT BREAK FROM ITS GRIP, I WILL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH!



AH! NOW I HAVE YOU! LIFE'S BREATH IS FADING FROM YOUR REPULSIVE BODY! I HAVE WON!



LATER...

HOW CAN I THANK YOU, TAMAA? YOU HAVE CONVINCED MY TRIBE THAT YOU ARE WISE AND STRONG. THEY WILL LISTEN TO YOU!

NOW YOU ARE CHIEF!



I BID YOU FAREWELL AND THANKS, TAMAA! AUGO SEEMS TO LIKE IT HERE!

KEEP HIM HERE, KOOLA! FROM HIM YOU WILL LEARN THE VALUE OF THE FRIENDSHIP OF ANIMALS!

Blue Beetle

in
"DOUBLE TROUBLE"

WHY DID THE F.B.I. SEND A
NAZI INTO GERMANY? WHY
WAS HE SENT DISGUISED
AS THE ONE AND ONLY
BLUE BEETLE? WHERE WAS
THE REAL BLUE BEETLE?





SEVERAL WEEKS LATER IN GERMANY!

WELCOME, HERR FRITZ! BECAUSE YOU'VE JUST COME FROM AMERICA, YOU ARE THE ONLY GESTAPO AGENT THAT SHOULD KNOW HOW TO TRAP THE BLUE BEETLE..

IS HE IN GERMANY?



YES! COME, I WILL SHOW YOU THE SECRET WUNDER PLANT... A THOUSAND FEET UNDERGROUND. THIS ELEVATOR WILL TAKE US THERE.



THE TWO DESCEND IN THE ELEVATOR USED ONLY BY HITLER AND HIMMLER.

HERE IS OUR LAST HOPE! WE'RE FORCING BRILLIANT INVENTORS WE KIDNAPPED TO PRODUCE THE WEAPON OF THE WAR... A ROCKET BOMB GUIDED FROM A PLANE AT SEA. THIS WILL BLOW UP THE BEST PARTS OF THE U.S.A.!



YOU WILL ASSIST COL. SAUERKOPF TO GUARD THIS SECRET TUNNEL I. THAT LEADS OUT OF HERE TO THE SWAMPS. YOU ARE TO KILL THE BLUE BEETLE IF HE TRIES TO GET IN...



FRITZ, NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GET ON THE LORD HAW HAW SHORT-WAVE PROGRAM AND MAKE PROPAGANDA FOR AMERIKA AND AT THE SAME TIME, SEND CODE MESSAGES TO OUR SPIES IN THE U.S.A.

JA!



IN THE RADIO ROOM OF THE F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, TRAINED EARS LISTEN TO FRITZ'S BROADCAST...

WHY THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT, HE'S INSTRUCTING NAZI SPIES HERE TO BLOW UP A TROOP TRAIN NEAR CHICAGO. FROM HERE ON THE REAL BLUE BEETLE TAKES OVER! COME ON, SPUNKY!



DAN, AS THE BLUE BEETLE, RACES TO THE SPOT WHERE THE NAZI SPIES ARE ATTEMPTING TO WRECK THE TROOP TRAIN!



WHAT....? LOOK, HANS! THE BEETLE!

COME ON, SPUNKY!

HOW DID THE B.B. GET ON OUR TRAIL.....

LOOK OUT, DAN! HE'S GOT A KNIFE!

DAN! DAN! DID HE GET YOU, BAD?

NO JUST NICKED ME... DID THOSE RATS GET AWAY?

MEANWHILE, FRITZ HIS BROADCAST FINISHED, MEETS HIS SWEETHEART, GRETCHEN....

FRITZ, DARLINK, I HEAR THAT NEAR YOUR TUNNEL IS 'SECRET' TUNNEL II, LEADING TO A BIG TREASURE CHAMBER.

OHO! WHERE NAZI BIG-WIGS HIDE THEIR LOOT! I WANT IT!

THAT SAME NIGHT, FRITZ CHANGES INTO THE BLUE BEETLE COSTUME AND HEADS FOR THE SECRET TUNNEL....

GUARDS!

SO! FIRST ONE THEN THE OTHER!

OOOHH!

THE GUARDS INSIDE THE TUNNEL SLAM AN EMERGENCY STEEL DOOR IN FRITZ'S FACE, BREAKING HIS NOSE.

DONNERVETTER! MY NOSE!

LATER IN THE DAY, HIMMLER CALLS IN FRITZ...

IT'S MOST STRANGE! WE JUST GOT A RADIO REPORT THAT ONLY LAST NIGHT BLUE BEETLE ATTACKED OUR GESTAPO MEN NEAR CHICAGO.... THIS MORNING, BLUE BEETLE ATTACKS MY GUARDS IN THE MOST SECRET TUNNEL IN GERMANY.... YOU BETTER SOLVE THIS MYSTERY IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE!

HERE IS A CLUE. CHECK WITH YOUR MEN AT BREMEN AND THEY WILL TELL YOU THAT AS A RESULT OF A TIP I PHONED THEM AN HOUR AGO, THEY CAUGHT DICK WILSON, F.B.I. AGENT AND PAL OF DAN GARRETT. MY BOSS, COL. SAUERKOPF WAS MIXED UP WITH THIS F.B.I. MAN. SEE HOW HE BROKE MY NOSE WHEN HE CAUGHT ME TRAILING HIM!

IF THIS IS TRUE, I'LL HAVE COL. SAUERKOPF SHOT IMMEDIATELY AND YOU WILL TAKE HIS PLACE AS COMMANDER OF GUARDS IN TUNNEL I.

MEANWHILE AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS IN AMERICA....

FRITZ'S CODE MESSAGES HAVE STOPPED. I FEAR HE IS DOUBLE-CROSSING US. SO IF YOUR WOUND WILL PERMIT, YOU WILL HAVE TO TRAIL HIM TO GERMANY, NOW THE GESTAPO WON'T FINGER-PRINT YOU BECAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE THEIR FRITZ!

WOUND OR NO WOUND, I'LL DO MY DUTY EVEN THO' I HATE TO GO TO GERMANY AGAIN!

DAN, I HAVE SOME NEWS THAT WILL CHEER YOU UP. HERE IS SPUNKY AND HE IS GOING TO FLY WITH YOU TO ENGLAND, AND FROM THERE, TO GERMANY.

GEE, DAN, AM I THRILLED TO GO WITH YOU! BUT WHY TAKE ALONG MY ALGEBRA LESSONS AND TWO WOODEN DUCKS?

YOU WILL FIND OUT, MY LITTLE PAL!

HOURS LATER, DAN AND SPUNKY TAKE OFF IN AN R.A.F. BOMBER FOR GERMANY!

IS THAT DEAFENING FLAK COMING FROM HAMBURG?

HOLY SMOKE! THE FLYING FORTRESSES THAT WENT AHEAD OF US CERTAINLY CELEBRATED FOURTH OF JULY THIS NOVEMBER IN HAMBURG. I NEVER SAW SUCH HUGE BONFIRES!

NO ONE ELSE EVER DID, GET INTO YOUR HITLER YOUTH UNIFORM. YOU CAN'T SPEAK GERMAN AND YOU MUST NOT SPEAK ENGLISH....SO, REMEMBER ALWAYS ACT AS IF YOU WERE DEAF AND DUMB. WE ARE OVER HAMBURG--DON'T FORGET THE WOODEN DUCK! NOW JUMP ALONGSIDE ME!

THE HOT WINDS OF THE FLAMING CITY CARRIED SPUNKY AND HIS PARACHUTE OUT OF DAN'S SIGHT!

HERR KAPITAN OF POLIZEI, HAVE YOU SEEN A FRECKLE-FACED BOY DRESSED IN A HITLER YOUTH UNIFORM AMONG THESE RUINS?

I MUST HELP YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE A GESTAPO OFFICER BUT IN THE ENDLESS RUINS THERE ARE SO MANY DEAD HITLER YOUTHS THAT THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE!

MY YOUNG FRIEND WAS PECULIAR, HE CARRIED A WOODEN DUCK.

THIS MAKES ME LAUGH DESPITE THE HAVOC AROUND US. I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SUCH A YOUNG FOOL CLUTCHING A WOODEN DUCK WITH HIS LEGS STICKING OUT OF THE RUINED CELLAR OF OUR POLICE STATION. COME, I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!

DAN FINDS SPUNKY UNCONSCIOUS...

SPUNKY, TAKE A WHIFF OF THESE SMELLING-SALTS...NOW THAT YOUR HEAD IS CLEARING WE MUST CONTACT HERR STRINGER THE LEADER OF THE UNDERGROUND. I'VE GOT A CLUE TO HIS WHEREABOUTS.....

LATER

HERR GARRETT, WE FOUND YOUR BAZOOKAS AFTER THEY LANDED IN THE PARACHUTE FOLLOWING YOURS. THEY WILL BE A GREAT HELP IN DESTROYING THE NAZI BULLIES AFTER YOUR AMERICAN SOLDIERS REACH THE GERMAN BORDER...

IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET A DECENT GERMAN, HERR STRINGER. NOW PLEASE TELL US WHERE THE WUNDER PLANT IS LOCATED.

NOT FAR FROM THESE HAMBURG OUTSKIRTS, YOU WILL HAVE TO CROSS THIS WELL-GUARDED RIVER...SHH, HERE COME SOME TOUGH NAZI GUARDS!

OH, DAN COULD KNOCK THEM COLD WITH ONE WALLOP OF HIS GOOD RIGHT ARM!

DID YOU HEAR THOSE SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS SPEAK ENGLISH? HALT!!

OH SPUNKY, WHY DIDN'T YOU REMEMBER THAT IN GERMANY YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAF AND DUMB? WELL, LET'S PLUNGE INTO THIS RIVER... AND HEAD FOR THE OTHER SHORE... GRAB YOUR WOODEN DUCK AND SWIM UNDER WATER, ALL THE WAY!



OH BOY, ARE THESE SLUGS BOILING UP THE WATER, NOW I UNDERSTAND THE WOODEN DUCK BUSINESS... GREAT COMFORT SWIMMING UNDER WATER, BREATHING THRU THE RUBBER PIPE CONNECTING WITH THE TOP OF THE DUCK AND FRESH AIR.....NOW THE NAZIS HAVE GIVEN UP FIRING.... THEY THINK WE'VE DROWNED.



EASY, HERE ARE SOME MORE NAZIS ON THIS SHORE.... UNSCREW THE TOP OF YOUR WOODEN DUCK, TAKE OUT A HANDFUL OF CIGARETTES AND HOLD THEM HIGH IN THE AIR!



A LITTLE LATER

FRITZ DARLINK, HERE IS YOUR GRETCHEN AGAIN DID YOU REACH THE TREASURE ROOM AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL? AND AREN'T YOU SMART THE WAY YOU ARE DOUBLE CROSSING THE BLUE BEETLE!

A HUNCH TELLS ME, DAN THIS DAME THINKS YOU ARE FRITZ!



GRETCHEN DEAR, PLEASE LEAD THE WAY TO THE TREASURE TUNNEL?

DAN, WHAT DO I SEE COMING BUT FRITZ, THE DOUBLE CROSSER, YOUR DOUBLE.. AND I SEE AHEAD FOR HIM, A LOT OF TROUBLE



WHAT? MEIN FRITZ IST TWINS?

SO YOU'RE TRYING SOME OF YOUR GESTAPO HOLDS?...WELL, RATZI WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS HOOK TO THE JAW?



SORRY I HAVE TO TRY OUT MY WILD WEST LASSO ON A LADY, GRETCH... BUT YOU SHOULDN'T THROW STONES AT DAN'S HEAD!

SPUNKY, TIE UP THE COUPLE... THEN, STUDY YOUR ALGEBRA LESSON TILL I COME BACK. I'M GOING TO FIND THE ENTANCE TO TUNNEL!



THE GESTAPO GUARDING TUNNEL I RUNS AWAY WHEN THEY SEE THE BLUE BEETLE BUT NOT THE LEAD POLICE DOG.

THE ONLY TOUGH CUSTOMER IS THAT DOG. HE IS NO COWARD LIKE THOSE GUARDS... I MUST MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM...



COME HERE, SHEP, OLD BOY, I KNOW YOU WILL LIKE THIS U.S. ARMY RATION, BY GOSH, THAT DOG UNDERSTANDS AND LOVES ENGLISH... I BET HE WAS SWIPED FROM A NICE AMERICAN HOME...



SHEP GUIDES DAN TO THE TUNNEL...

WOW! A REAL NAZI DOG HEADING FOR MY THROAT AND HIS NAZI MASTER PLUNGING TOWARD ME WITH A NAKED BAYONET!



OUT OF NOWHERE, SHEP COMES LIKE A FLASH AND BURIES HIS FANGS IN THE THROAT OF THE NAZI DOG!

THANKS A MILLION SHEP BUT PARDON WHILE I MEET HIS MASTER AND HIS BAYONET!



DAN WRENCHES THE BAYONET FROM THE SOLDIER AND PLUNGES IT INTO HIS CHEST!



WITH THE NAZI DEAD, DAN RACES BACK TO SPUNKY WHO IS GUARDING FRITZ... GRETCHEN HAS ESCAPED...

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30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
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